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CAT-MAN

MAY

COMICS * 10

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The CAT-MAN and the KITTEN

BY
CHAS. M.
QUINLAN



COLONEL TOMKINS, THE COMMANDING OFFICER, IS ALSO INTERRUPTED AS HE FINISHES HIS LUNCH -- ??

HEY, PADDY!
WHAT'S ALL THAT
CONFOUNDED
DRUMMING?

I DON'T
KNOW, BUT
I'LL SEE
SIR!

BOOM-BOOM -- BOOM-BOOM -- BOOM-BOOM
QUICK SOR!
IT'S INDIANS!
SOR, A WHOLE
BLOODY TRIBE
OF 'EM!

SHADES OF GENERAL CUSTER! WHAT IN BLUE BLAZES ARE THEY DOING IN THIS ARMY CAMP?

AS THE COLONEL AND PADDY (HIS ORDERLY) DASH OUTSIDE, A SIGHT LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE HISTORICAL PAGES OF THE OLD WEST APPEARS BEFORE THEIR STARTLED EYES!



INDIANS! HUNDREDS OF THEM IN FULL REGALIA ARE PARADING THROUGH THE ARMY POST!

GOOD AFTERNOON,
SIR! QUITE A
SIGHT, ISN'T IT?

IT IS, IT IS INDEED, VERY
IMPRESSIVE - NOW MERRY
WETHER, FIND OUT WHAT
IN THUNDER THEY'RE
DOING HERE!

GEE!

BE JABBERS KATIE
ME COLLEEN, IT LOOKS
LIKE A WHOPPIN' BIG
WILD WEST SHOW!



HALT! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?



I AM CHIEF LONE WOLF, THESE MY PEOPLE
PEOPLE - WE ARE OF THE KYOTO TRIBE OF
OKLAHOMA - WE ARE GOING TO BE YOUR
NEIGHBORS!



OH INDEED, DO YOU INTEND TO CAMP NEAR HERE?

NO, NO CAMP HERE,
GO LIVE IN PUEBLO CLIFF DWELLINGS--
OTHER SIDE MOUNTAIN!



WELL, I GUESS THAT'S O.K. -- BUT WHY THE PARADE THROUGH OUR CAMP?
YOU CAN'T DO THAT WITHOUT PERMISSION, YOU KNOW!



SO SORRY, BUT IT IS OLD CUSTOM MY PEOPLE ALWAYS LET OTHER TRIBES SEE WHO COMES, IF WELCOME THEY DO NOTHING -- IF NOT WELCOME START FIGHT! WE NO STAY! OLD CUSTOM MY PEOPLE!



WELL, WE'RE NOT GOING TO FIGHT YOU, SO I GUESS THAT MAKES YOU WELCOME. ALLRIGHT CHIEF, YOU MAY PROCEED!



AS THE STRANGE CARAVAN SLOWLY WENDS ITS WAY OUT OF THE ARMY CAMP.. A SERGEANT STANDING IN THE SHADOW OF ONE OF THE TENTS, SCRATCHES HIS HEAD IN WONDERMENT??

SOMEHOW THIS DON'T LOOK JUST RIGHT TO ME--HMM GUESS I'LL SEE THE LIEUTENANT!



OH, LIEUTENANT! LIEUTENANT MERRY. WHETHER, MAY I SPEAK TO YOU A MOMENT?

OH--HELLO SERGEANT BROWN-- SURE, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

HELLO KATIE!

HELLO "TEEPEE"!



WELL YOU SEE SIR, IT'S ABOUT THEM ER-INDIANS! THEY ER...



OH YES, OF COURSE SERGEANT, THEY'RE YOUR PEOPLE AND YOU THINK WE SHOULD BE A LITTLE MORE HOSPITALITE AND GIVE THEM A FEED EH? A GOOD IDEA SERGEANT, I'LL SEND AN ORDERLY AFTER THEM AT ONCE!

OH NO SIR, ABSOLUTELY NOT SIR--BECAUSE I DON'T BELIEVE THEY ARE INDIANS AT ALL SIR--THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO TELL YOU!



NOT INDIANS? HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING SERGEANT? IF THEY ARE NOT INDIANS,

WHAT ARE THEY?

WELL SIR, I THINK THEY'RE JAPANESE!



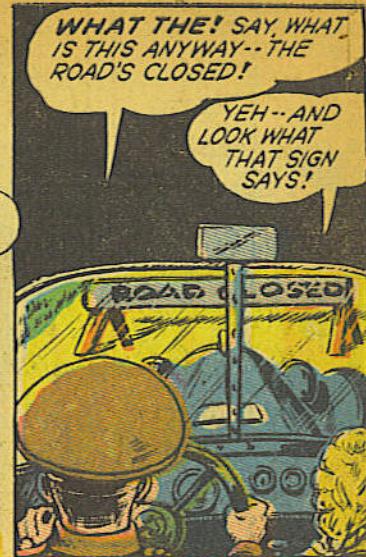
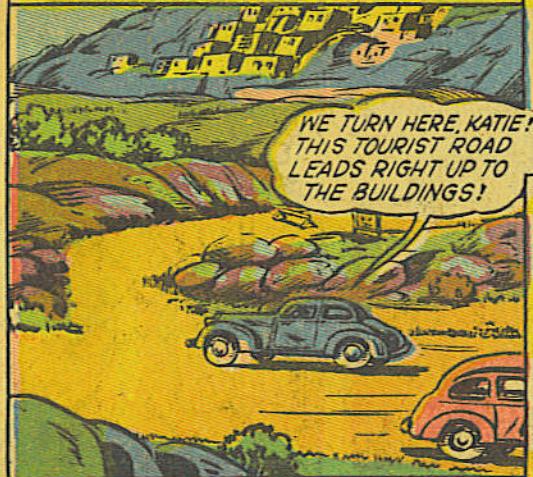
SERGEANT, IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE--THE WHOLE OF FORT BLISTER IS IN EXTREME DANGER! WE SEEM TO HAVE WELCOMED A HORNET'S NEST!--AND SERGEANT--



DON'T TELL ANYONE--GET ALL THE MEN IN YOUR PLATOON--INFORM THEM THAT THEY MAY HAVE TO GO ON PATROL TO-NIGHT, HAVE THEM FULLY ARMED, I'M GOING TO DO SOME INVESTIGATING!



A HALF-HOUR LATER, THE CAT-MAN AND THE KITTEN ARRIVE AT THE FOOTHILLS LEADING UP TO THE PUEBLO CLIFF DWELLINGS...



ON THE ROOF OF THE HIGHEST DWELLING--



THE COURIER QUICKLY RUSHES TO A CHIMNEY!



LOOKS KINDA QUIET UP THERE BUT I BET THEY KNOW WE'RE HERE, EH KATIE?



AS THE CAR PULLS UP AT THE VILLAGE, SEVERAL 'INDIANS' COME TO MEET IT!!!



THEY ARE QUICKLY USHERED INTO THE DIMLY LIT 'CHIEFS' QUARTERS ...



AS THE CAT-MAN TALKS WITH THE "CHIEF", HIS EYES DART QUICKLY ABOUT THE SEMI-DARK ROOM!



UNKNOWN TO ANYONE BUT THE KITTEN, THE CAT-MAN HAS THE UNCANNY POWER OF SEEING IN THE DARK!

ON THE CEILING HE SEES A ROW OF ELECTRIC LIGHTS!

IN A FAR CORNER ARE MANY SMALL CALIBER RIFLES AND MACHINE GUNS!



BOXES OF AMMUNITION ARE PILED HIGH AGAINST THE FARTHEST WALL.



WELL CHIEF, YOU SEEM TO BE WELL SETTLED HERE, SO I GUESS WE BETTER BE RUNNING ALONG--I'LL BE SEEING YOU SOON--COME ON, KATIE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS THEY DRIVE AWAY!...

WHAT WAS IT UNCLE DAVID, WHAT DID YOU SEE, ARE THEY JAPS?



THE STUPID AMERICANS! THEY COME TO VISIT--- TO-DAY HE IS MY GUEST, TO-MORROW HE WILL BE MY VICTIM!

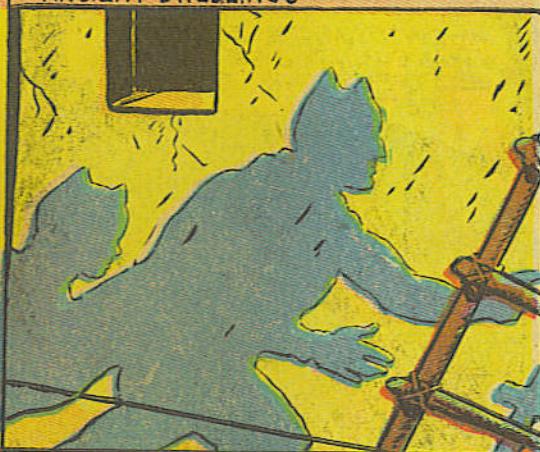


REACHING THE HIGHWAY, THE CAT-MAN STOPS AT A ROADSIDE STAND!

HELLO SGT. BROWN, GET YOUR MEN AND PROCEED TO THE ATTACK--USE REAL INDIAN TACTICS--THEY'RE JAPS ALLRIGHT AND HEAVILY ARMED--GOOD LUCK BROWN! I'M GOING TO DO A LITTLE SABOTAGE OF MY OWN!



A HALF-HOUR LATER, AS DARKNESS FALLS, TWO STRANGE SHADOWS GLIDE NOISELESSLY ABOUT THE ANCIENT DWELLINGS...



THE CAT-MAN STOPS SUDDENLY--HIS KEEN EARS HAVE HEARD THE SOUND OF VOICES ---

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK MIDNIGHT WE ACT! THEY WILL NOT BE EXPECTING AN ATTACK-- OUR SURPRISE MOVE WILL BE A GREAT VICTORY FOR NIPPON-- MANY AND MAYBE ALL OF US WILL DIE, BUT WE WILL HAVE DESTROYED THIS IMPORTANT BASE AND OUR INVASION FORCES WILL BE FREE TO ENTER FROM MEXICO! BANZAI!



HOLY MACKERAL!
THIS IS A LOT BIGGER
THAN I THOUGHT--THEY
MUST HAVE MUNITIONS
STORED ALL OVER THE
PLACE--C'MON, KITTEN,
UP YOU GO!



A STEEL-LIKE ARM SUDDENLY
ENCIRCLES THE NECK OF THE LOOK-
OUT AND SNAPS IT LIKE A TWIG!



IT IS SAID, THE BEST WAY
TO SUCCEED IS TO START AT
THE BOTTOM AND WORK UP,
BUT WE'RE STARTING AT
THE TOP AND WORKING
DOWN--OH, OH, THERE'S
ANOTHER GUARD!



THE GUARD ON THE OTHER WALL
IS ALSO QUICKLY DESPATCHED!



MEANWHILE--SERGEANT BROWN AND HIS PLATOON
OF CAVALRY MOVE SWIFTLY TO THE ATTACK!



LOOKING AROUND IN THE BUILDINGS,
THE CAT-MAN MAKES A LUCKY FIND!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING
TO DO WITH IT, UNCLE
DAVID?

I FIGURE THAT
WHEN I TOUCH
THIS OFF, THESE
OLD BUILDINGS
WILL COLLAPSE
AND THE JAPS WILL
RUN OUT ON THE
FLATS WHERE SGT.
BROWN AND THE
BOYS CAN GET
AT THEM!

PICKING THE KITTEN
UP IN HIS ARMS, THE
CAT-MAN LEAPS DOWN
TO ESCAPE THE
IMPENDING BLAST!

THAT STUFF
WILL POP IN
ABOUT THREE
MINUTES!

THREE MINUTES LATER, THE OLD WALLS ARE
SPLIT BY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!

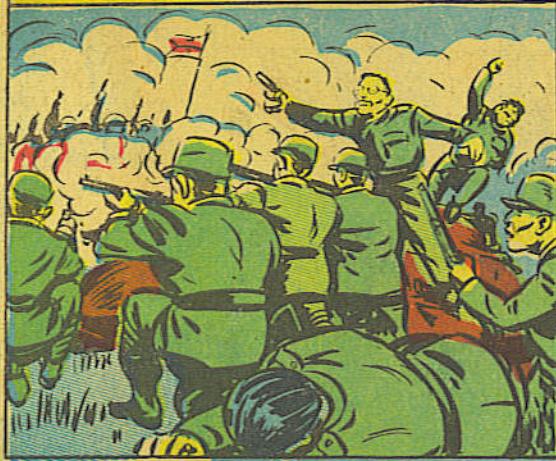
BOOM!

AIR RAID! RUN!!
THE ROOF IS
CAVING IN!

THERE THEY ARE BOYS!
CHARGE!
REMEMBER PEARL
HARBOR?? YAA HOO!



SOME OF THE JAPANESE CARRYING GUNS
RALLY AROUND THEIR LEADER AND OPEN
FIRE -- BUT...



...ALTHOUGH OUTNUMBERING BROWN AND HIS MEN TEN TO ONE, THEY ARE NO MATCH FOR THE HARD-RIDING CAVALRY



THE BATTLE IS
SHORT AND FURIOUS
-- THIS TIME THE
ELEMENT OF SUR-
PRISE IS ON THE
SIDE OF THE
AMERICANS!



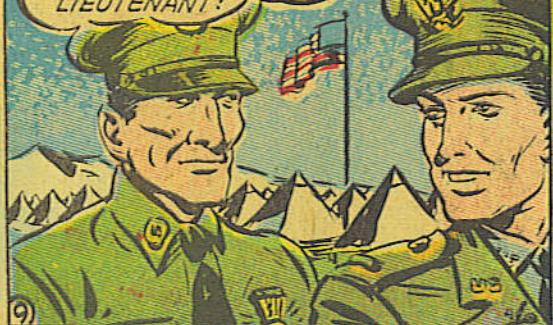
THE CAT-MAN AND THE KITTEN
SLIP AWAY AS THE JAPS ARE
TAKEN PRISONERS!

BROWN AND HIS BOYS SURE
SEEM TO HAVE THE SITUATION
WELL IN HAND! WE BETTER SCRAM---



LATER -- AT FORT BLISTER!

I DIDN'T SEE YOU AT THE BATTLE SIR!
I LOOKED ALL OVER, I THOUGHT THEY
HAD GOT YOU -- BUT THAT BLAST JUST
AT THE RIGHT TIME, AND THE JAPS
RUSHING OUT SO WE COULD GET
AT THEM JUST COULDN'T HAVE BEEN
AN ACCIDENT, COULD IT LIEUTENANT?

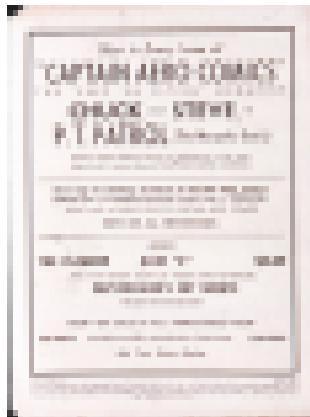


WELL, IT COULD HAVE
BEEN, SERGEANT, IT
COULD HAVE BEEN, YOU
KNOW HOW IT IS! COME
ON, KATIE!



DAVID MERRYWEATHER,
THE CAT-MAN, WAS THE
SOLE SURVIVOR OF HIS
PARENT'S CARAVAN, WHICH
WAS DESTROYED BY BANDITS
IN BURMA.. PICKED UP AND REARED BY A
TIGRESS, HE ACQUIRED
ALL THE ATTRIBUTES OF
THE CAT FAMILY- GREAT
STRENGTH, EXTREME
AGILITY, THE ABILITY TO
SEE IN THE DARK, AND
LEAP MANY TIMES HIS
OWN LENGTH!
KATIE CONN, THE KITTEN,
TRAINED AS AN ACROBAT
BY HER PARENTS AND
ORPHANED WHEN THEY
WERE KILLED IN A CIRCUS
TRAIN WRECK WAS ADOPTED
BY THE CAT-MAN ---
WHOM SHE CALLS UNCLE
DAVID!

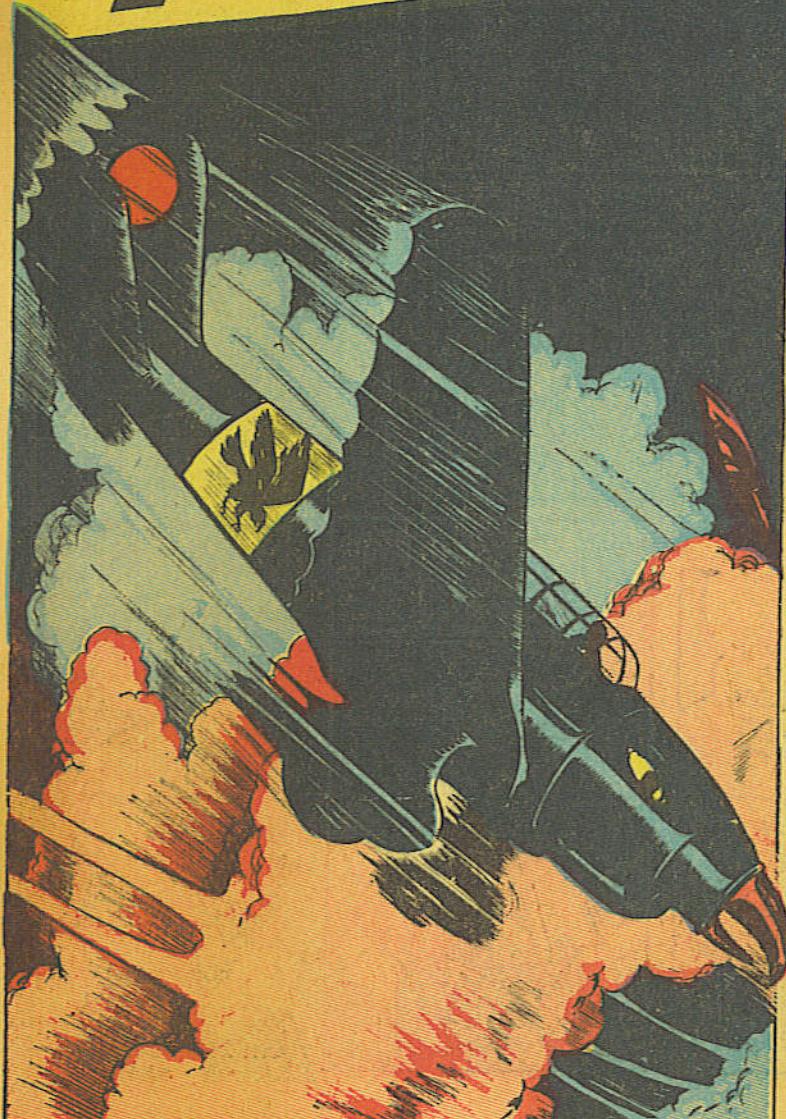
THE CAT-MAN and
THE KITTEN
APPEAR EVERY MONTH IN
CAT-MAN COMICS!



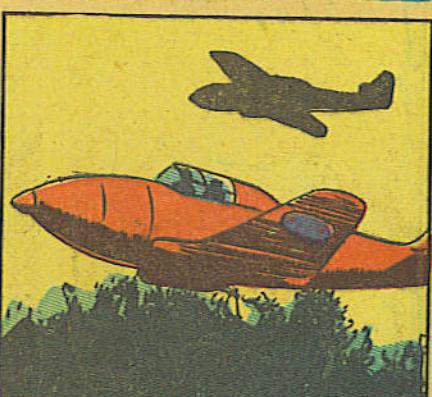
THE

PHANTOM FALCON

By CAPT. R. C. BUTLER



SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND AT THE
FAMED EAGLE SQUADRON...



WITHIN A FEW SECONDS, THE TWO SHIPS FLASH DOWN THE RUNWAY AND CLIMB SWIFTLY INTO THE BLACK NIGHT!

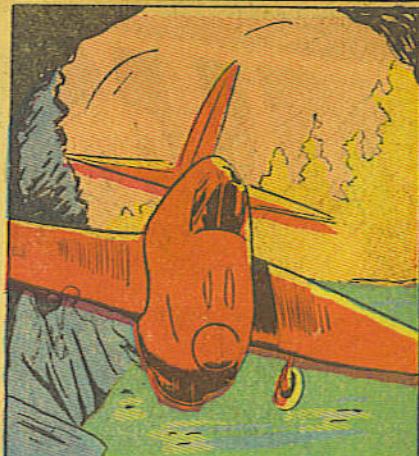
BANKING AWAY FROM THE
ORIGINAL COURSE, "CHUCK"
SKIMS OVER THE TREE TOPS!



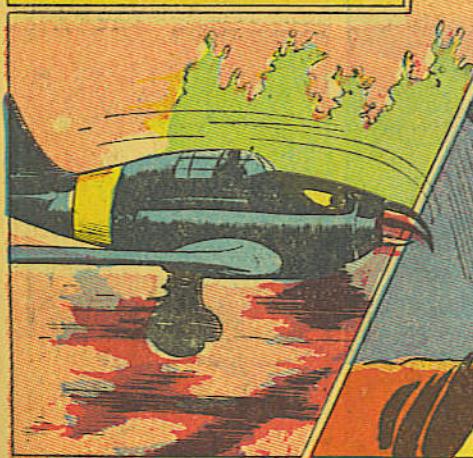
WE'RE GOING TO RUN INTO
TROUBLE TO-NIGHT AND TWO
HURRICANES AREN'T GOING
TO BE A MATCH FOR HALF
OF THE LUFTWAFFE!



GUTTING DOWN ON HIS SPEED,
"CHUCK" FLIES CLOSE TO THE
EARTH AND HEADS INTO A
CAVE!...



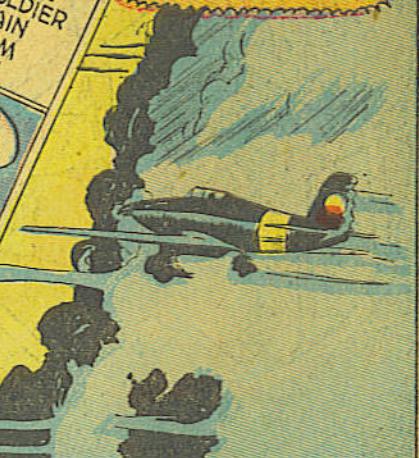
...AND IN A FEW MINUTES, THE
FASTEST, SLEEKST PLANE IN
ALL THE WORLD ROARS OUT
FROM ITS HIDING PLACE...



AND "CHUCK BENSON, THE
FAMOUS AMERICAN SOLDIER
OF FORTUNE ONCE AGAIN
BECOMES THE PHANTOM
FALCON!"

"C'MON BABY
WE'VE GOT TO CATCH UP
WITH THAT OTHER HURRI-
-CANE!"

LIKE A METEOR, THE
BLACK FALCON'S PLANE
ZOOMS INTO THE SKY!



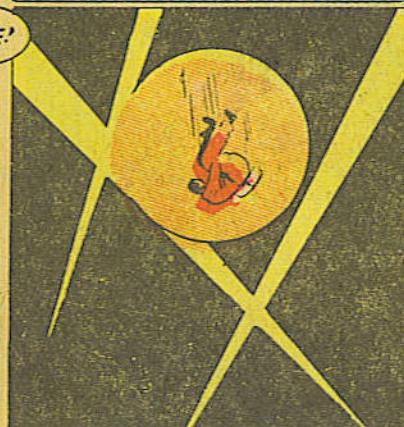
MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY
IN THE HURRICANE!

THIS IS THE
SPOT X-13--
WERE NEAR-
ING RESEN-
BURG'

GOOD! CUT
YOUR ENGINES
AND GLIDE AS
FAR AS POSSIBLE!



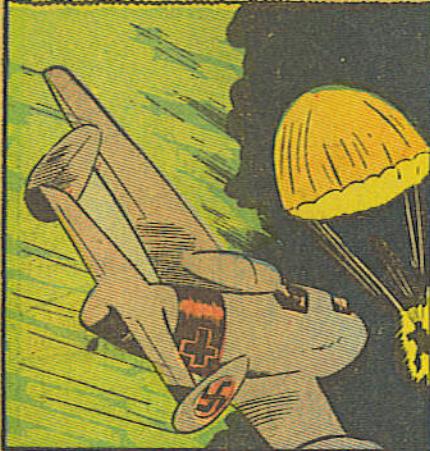
WITH ENGINES SILENT, THE
PLANE GLIDES SILENTLY OVER
THE NAZI VILLAGE.. CRAWLING
FROM THE COCKPIT, THE
SECRET AGENT LEAPS!



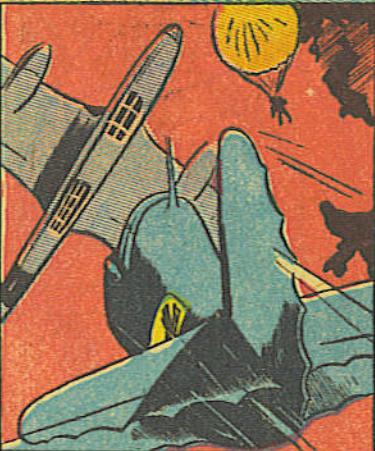
GOOD LUCK, CHUM--HOLY
SEAGULLS--A MESSE-
-SCHMITT--AND THEY SEE
THAT FELLOW'S PARACHUTE!
BENSON--CALLING BENSON!
NOW WHAT THE DEVIL
HAPPENED TO HIM?--



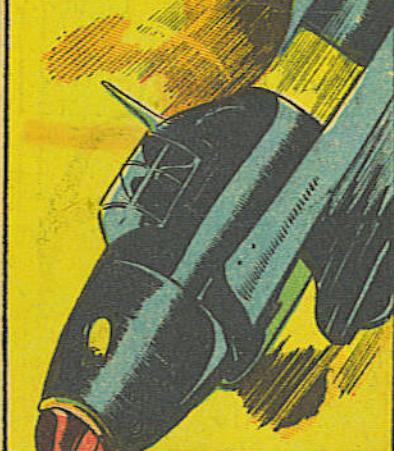
SOARING DOWN UPON THE PARACHUTIST, THE ENEMY PLANE MANEUVERS TO BLAST ITS VICTIM FROM THE SKY!



BUT SUDDENLY FROM ABOVE, ANOTHER PLANE PLUMMETS DOWN TOWARD THE MESSERSCHMITT...



LIKE A GIGANTIC BIRD, THE BLACK FALCON DIVES AT A TERRIFIC PACE!

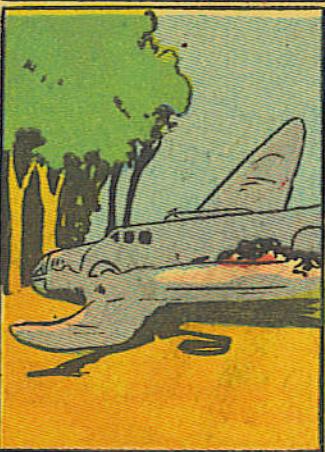


ACH!-IT'S
THE PHANTOM
FALCON!

THE NAZIS TRY DESPERATELY TO EVADE THIS DEMON OF THE SKIES, BUT THE MESSERSCHMITT IS HIT AGAIN AND AGAIN...

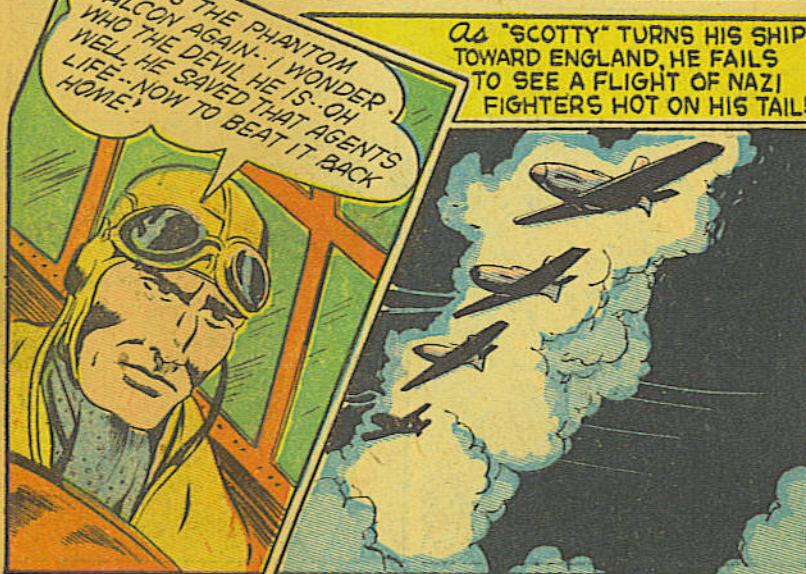


...AND THE WRECKED BOMBER SLAMS INTO THE EARTH FAR BELOW!



THAT'S THE PHANTOM FALCON AGAIN-I WONDER WHO THE DEVIL HE IS-OH WELL, HE SAVED THAT AGENTS LIFE-NOW TO BEAT IT BACK HOME!

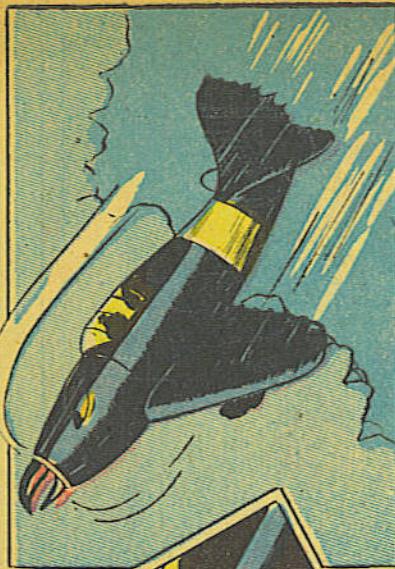
AS "SCOTTY" TURNS HIS SHIP TOWARD ENGLAND, HE FAILS TO SEE A FLIGHT OF NAZI FIGHTERS HOT ON HIS TAIL!



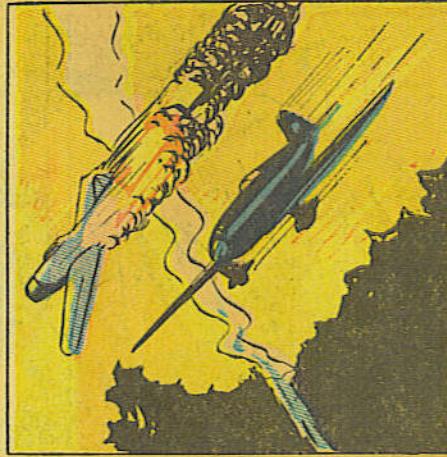
MEANWHILE, THE PHANTOM FALCON CLIMBS BACK INTO THE HEAVENS WHEN SUDDENLY HE SEES...



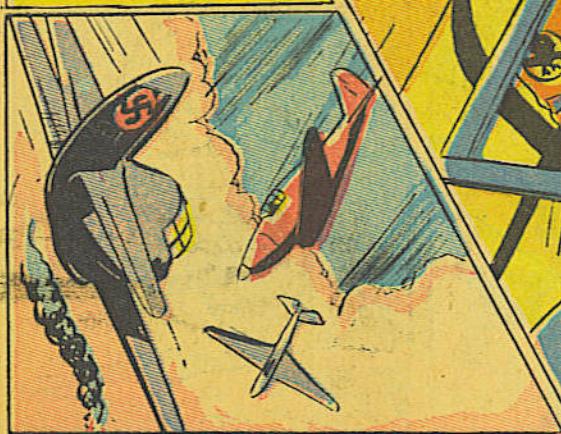
LET'S GO BABY!..
HERE'S WHERE WE
GIVE THOSE RATS
SOMETHING TO
THINK ABOUT!



DIVING DOWN THROUGH THE NAZI
FORMATION, THE WING GUNS FROM
THE PHANTOM FALCON FIND THEIR
MARK IN TWO ENEMY SHIPS...



BEFORE THE FALCON CAN
BANK BACK INTO THE FRAY
A NAZI MANEUVERS INTO
A SURPRISE ATTACK ON
SCOTTY!



ALONE, THE
PHANTOM
FALCON CLIMBS
BACK TO MEET
THE ENEMY...

AS THE HURRICANE STREAKS
EARTHWARD IN FLAMES, SCOTTY
LEAPS TO SAFETY...



THE FALCON CIRCLES TO COUNTER-ATTACK
THE ENEMY, BUT AT THAT INSTANT, SCOTTY'S
PLANE IS RIDDLED WITH BULLETS!



...AND ONE
BY ONE, LIKE
GIANT WOUNDED
BIRDS, THEY
PLUMMET
EARTHWARD!

FLAMES LEAP FROM THE
FALCON'S GUNS, AS HE
TURNS TO FINISH OFF
HIS LAST VICTIM!



WELL, THAT'S THAT'
NOW TO FIND
SCOTTY!

AFTER A FULL THIRTY MINUTES
OF SEARCHING FOR SCOTTY, THE
FALCON IS ABOUT TO GIVE UP,
WHEN...

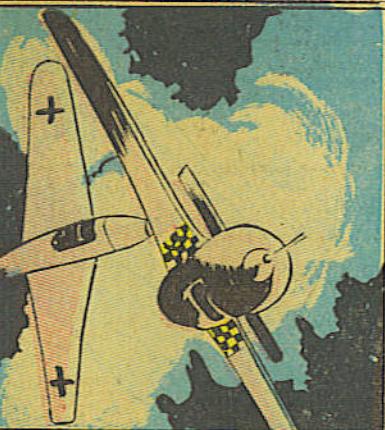
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE
FALCON LANDS...

LET'S GO, FELLOW.
WE'RE IN DANGEROUS COUNTRY!

YES SIR,
AND AM I
GLAD TO
SEE YOU!



AS THE PHANTOM FALCON
ROARS ACROSS THE FIELD AND
CLIMBS INTO THE SKY, TWO
NAZI PURSUIT SHIPS TAKE OFF
FROM A SECRET HANGAR...



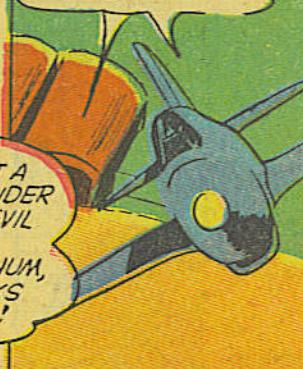
...THE FALCON SLAMS THE
THROTTLE WIDE OPEN AND
HEADS FOR ENGLAND...

AS THE PHANTOM FALCON
ROARS OVER THE DRONE OF
THE EAGLE SQUADRON,
SCOTTY BALES OUT!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER,
A LONE HURRICANE ROLLS
ONTO A LANDING!

IT'S BENSON'S SHIP,
SIR! I WONDER WHAT
HAPPENED TO HIM!



IT WAS THE
CONTROL WIRES,
SIR. THEY JAMMED
AND I WAS FORCED
DOWN TEN MILES
NORTH OF HERE!

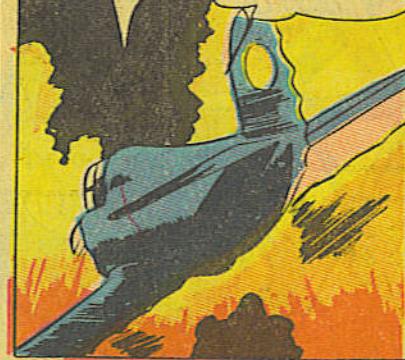


ARE WE GOING
TO STAY AND
BATTLE THEM?

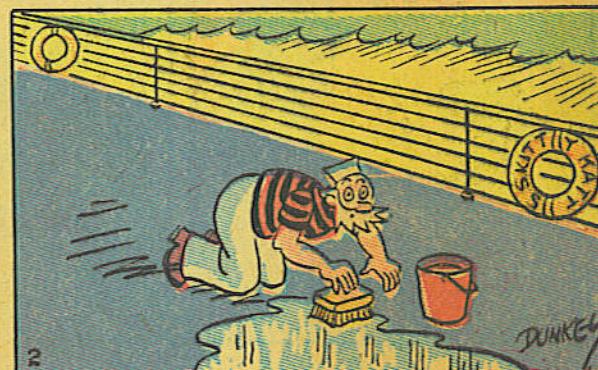
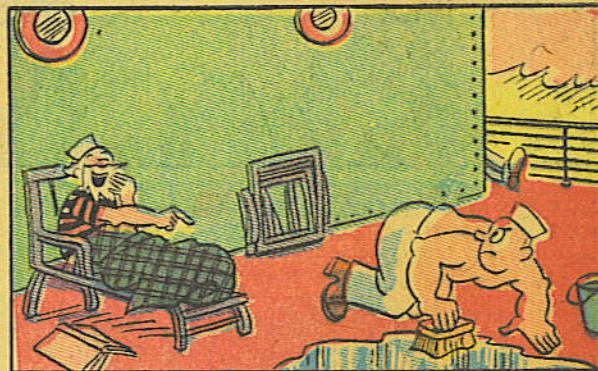
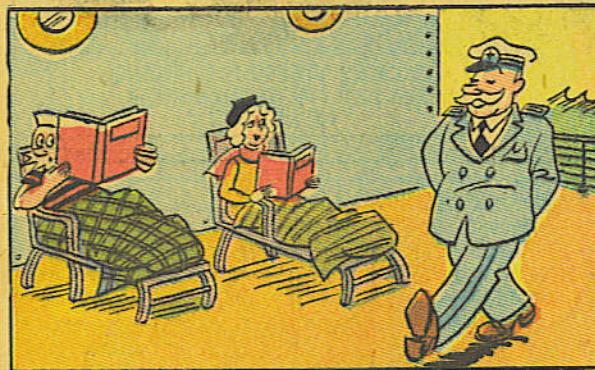
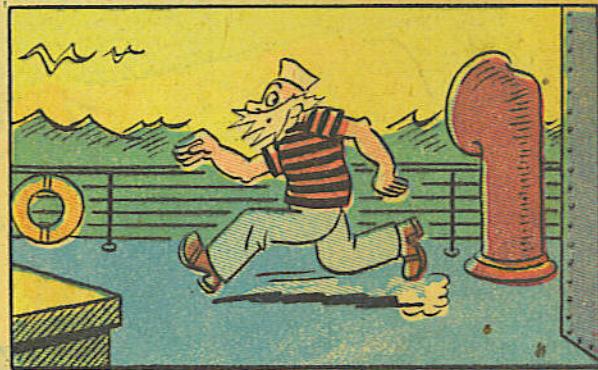
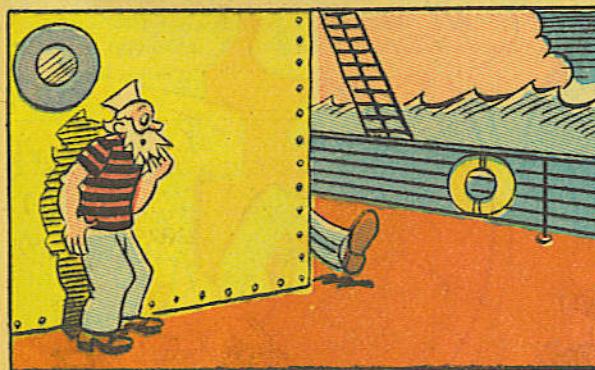
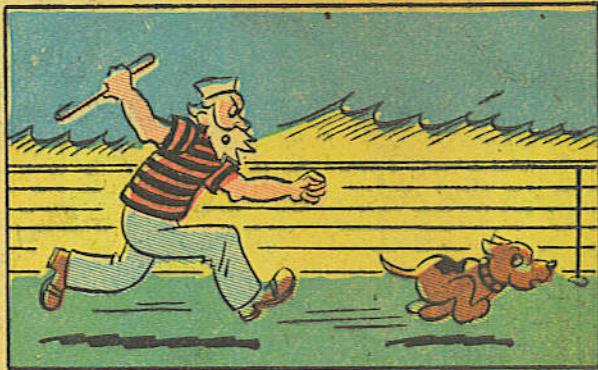
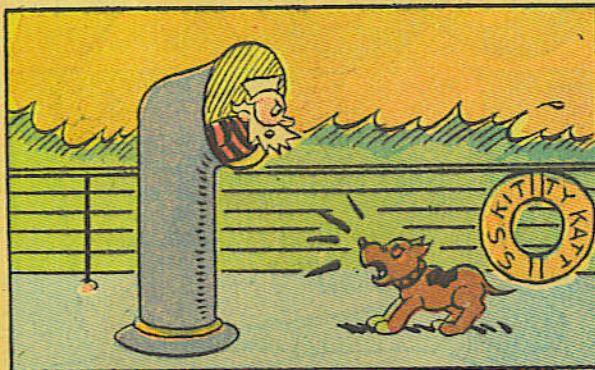
NO, WE HAVEN'T
MUCH FUEL. I'LL
HAVE TO TRY
AND LOSE THEM!

WOW! WHAT A
PLANE - YOU OUT
DISTANCED TWO
OF THE FASTEST
SHIPS THE
NAZI OWN!

NEVER MIND
THAT - HERE,
TAKE THIS
CHUTE - I'M
DROPPING YOU
OFF SOON!



THE SAILOR



DEACON

The Deacon, who resides in the marshland church, and his young assistant Mickey, continue to champion the cause of righteous and carry on their unceasing battle against crime and corruption!

EXTRY--READ ALL ABOUT IT! PAPER MISTER?

OH, OH--HERE COMES SQUIRE BEVINS!

JIVE CL

MICKEY VISITS HIS FRIEND,
TIM NOLAN, THE CORNER
NEWSBOY!

GOOD MORNING SQUIRE!

HAARUMPH!
GOOD MORNING--
HOW MUCH IS
A COPY OF
CARPER'S
MAGAZINE?

FIFTEEN CENTS
SIR --- THE
LATEST ISSUE
JUST CAME
IN!

FIFTEEN CENTS?
---HMMPH, THAT'S
ENTIRELY TOO
MUCH--NEVER
MIND!

GOOD
MORNING
DEACON!

HELLO, TIM!
HI, MICKEY!
LET ME HAVE
A COPY OF THE
CLARION!

BOY, WHAT
A TIGHT-
WAD!

COME ALONG,
MICKEY, OR
WE'LL BE LATE
FOR THE
GAME!

SO LONG,
TIM!

GEE, I WISH
I COULD BE
A COP WHEN
I GROW UP!
SHURE AND YE
WILL, ME BOYO
WITH A REAL
BADGE AN'
EVERYTHIN'!

SAY, THERE'S A LOT OF
GAMBLING GOING ON IN
THERE--WHY DON'T THE
POLICE DO SOMETHING
ABOUT IT?



YOU BETTER BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU PUT IN THE PAPER, SONNY BOY--YOU'RE LIABLE TO MEET WITH AN ACCIDENT -- GET ME!

YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO SCARE ME, ARE YOU, DICEY?

OKAY, WISE-GUY, YOU ASKED FOR IT! COVER HIM, LOU!

DON'T MOVE CHUM--I GOT AN ITCHY FINGER!

DON'T BE A FOOL, DICE--YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

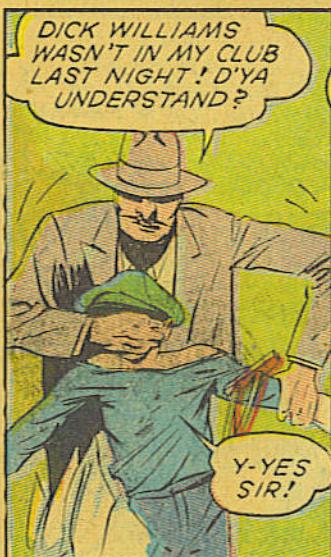
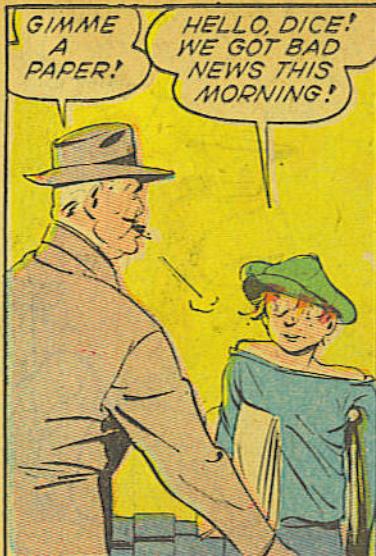


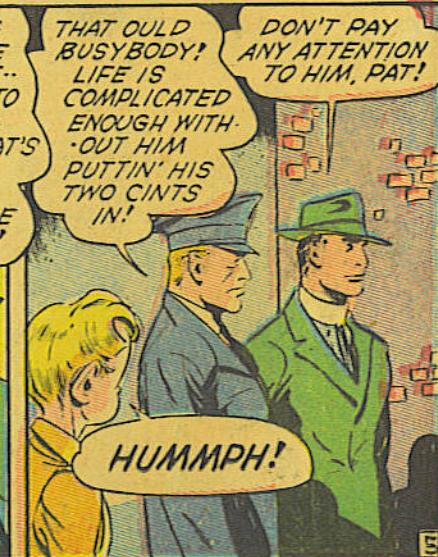
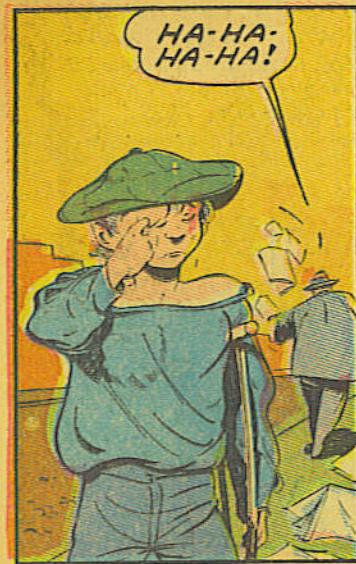
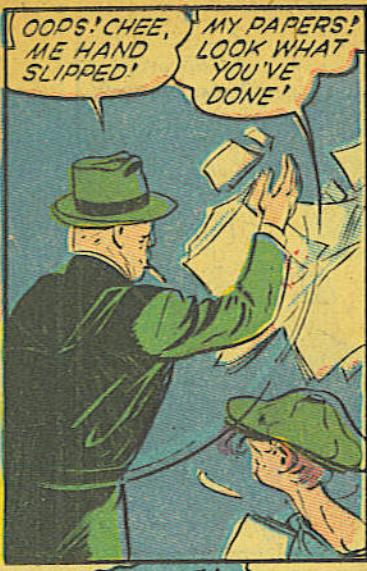
HEY, LEFTY, TELL THE ORCHESTRA LEADER TO PLAY AS LOUD AS HE CAN FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES!

THE ORCHESTRA FILLS THE NIGHT CLUB WITH AN EAR-SPLITTING DIN...

...AND NO ONE HEARS THE MUFFLED REPORT OF AN AUTOMATIC IN THE BACK ROOM!









COME ALONG
DICE .. YER
UNDER
ARREST!

OH, YEAH!
THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK--
RUSH EM,
BOYS!

TAKE IT
EASY,
DICE!

I'VE BIN WAITIN'
TO GET ME
HANDS ON YOU
FER A LONG
TIME!

D..DON'T
HIT ME!

WHAM!



N-NO!

SO YELL BULLY
LITTLE KIDS
WILL YE?

LOOK
OUT,
PAT!

CAN'T YOU
SEE PAT'S
BUSY!

YIPEE!

KEEP YOUR
CHIN UP,
DICE!



OHO! THERE'S
A FINE WALLOP
FER YE, ME
BOYO!

BOY,
WHAT A
SOCK!

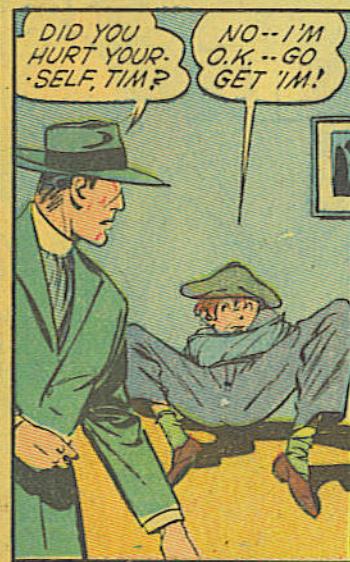
ARE YOU
GOING TO
TALK, OR DO
I HAVE TO
WHACK YOU
AGAIN?

NO--DON'T
HIT ME!--
I'LL TELL
YOU EVERY-
THING!

I DON'T OWN THIS
PLACE--I'M ONLY
THE FRONT MAN--
I TAKE ORDERS
FROM SOMEBODY
ELSE!

WHO?

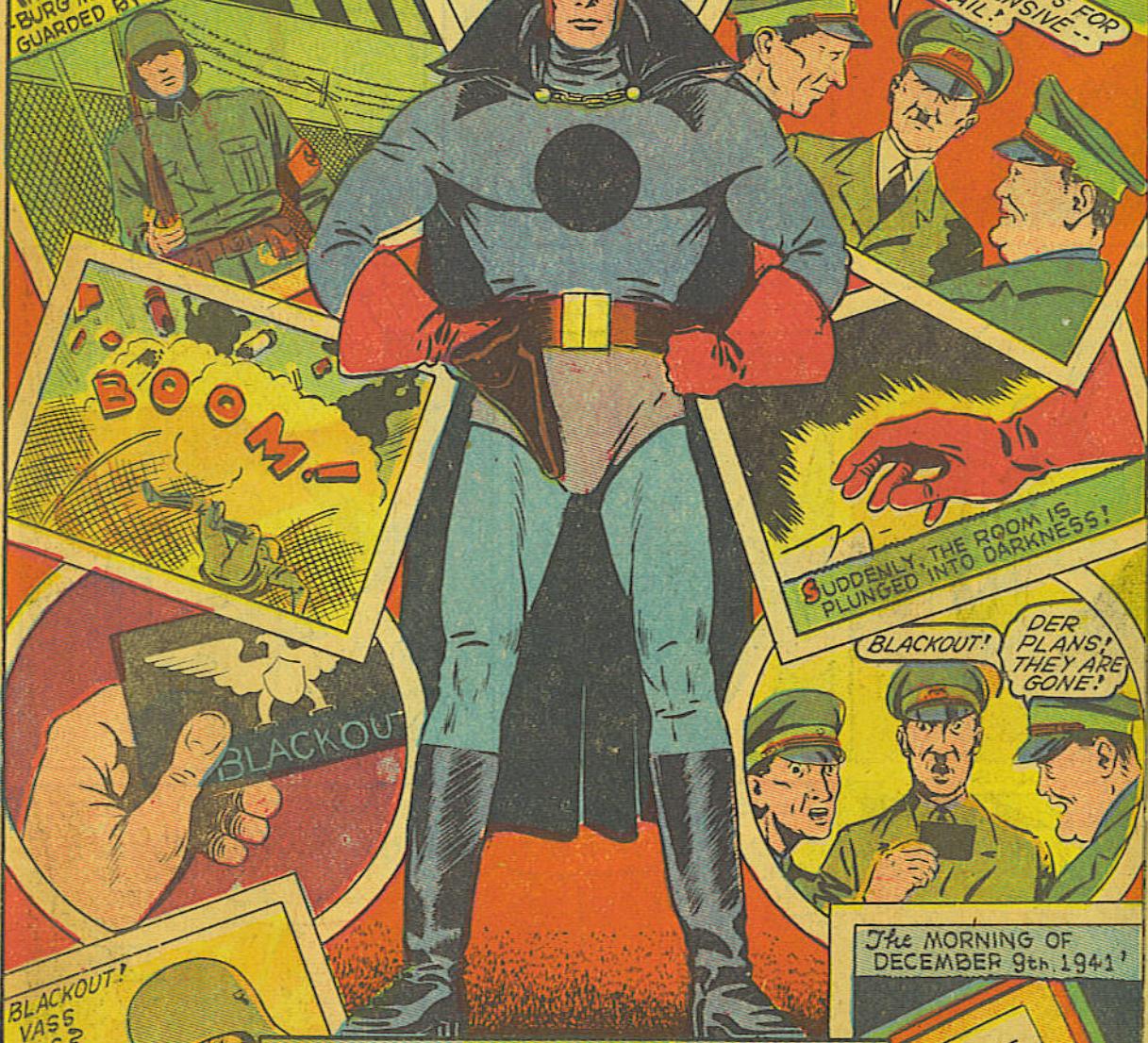




BLACKOUT

INSIDE GERMANY--THE NAUMBURG MUNITIONS PLANT IS HEAVILY GUARDED BY NAZI SOLDIERS!

HITLER'S INNER SANCTUM-- HERE IS SEDER PLANS FOR OUR SPRING OFFENSIVE-- WE CANNOT FAIL!

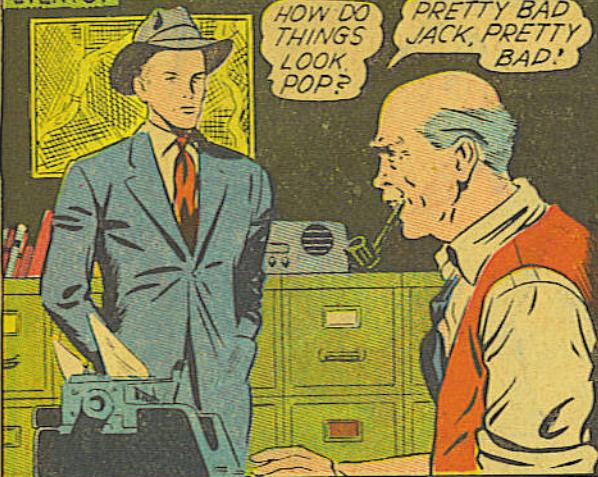


BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT!! BLACKOUT!!! ALL GERMANY IS ELECTRIFIED BY THE NAME--NAZI OFFICIALS TREMBLE WITH FEAR AND VICTIMS OF PERSECUTION ARE FILLED WITH RENEWED HOPE AND COURAGE --- WHO IS THIS CHAMPION, THIS AVENGER OF THE NIGHT WHO WAGES AMERICA'S BATTLE WITHIN THE STRONGHOLD OF THE ENEMY? TO ANSWER THAT, WE MUST TURN BACK THE HANDS OF TIME TO THAT FATEFUL DAY WHEN THE UNITED STATES WAS PLUNGED INTO THE AWFUL CONFLICT THAT ENGULFS THE WORLD!

The MORNING OF DECEMBER 9th, 1941'

BERLIN OFFICE
THE NEW YORK GLOBE

JACK WAYNE AND POP SIMMS, AMERICAN CORRESPONDENTS, DISCUSS LATE NEWS EVENTS!



IT IS NO LONGER NECESSARY TO TREAT YOU MITT KID GLOVES! AS FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS YOU HAFF BEEN IN A POSITION TO LEARN INFORMATION THAT'S VALUABLE TO GERMANY!



I'VE BEEN A REPORTER FOR FORTY YEARS AND NOBODY EVER MADE ME TALK UNLESS I WANTED TO!



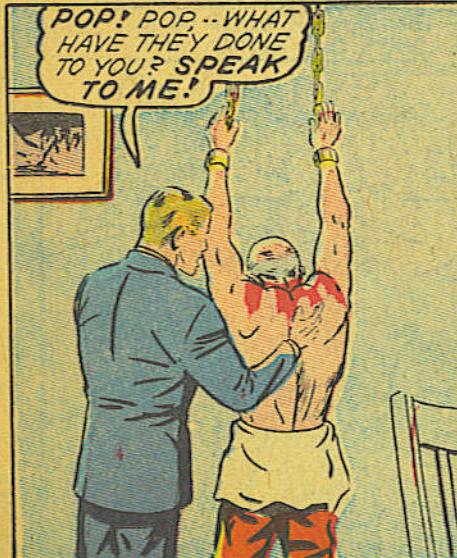
POP IS LEAD INTO THE OTHER ROOM--THE SOUND OF A LASH AND AGONIZED SCREAMS ECHO THROUGH THE WALLS... THEN SILENCE



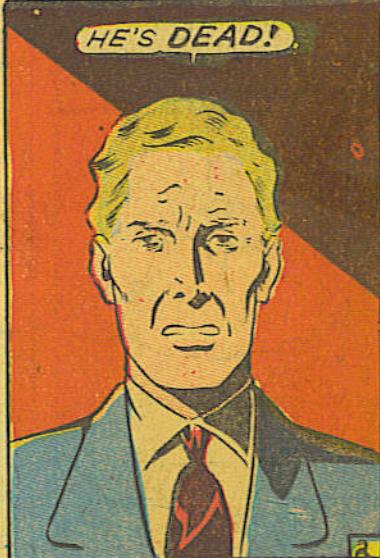
THE DOOR OPENS!

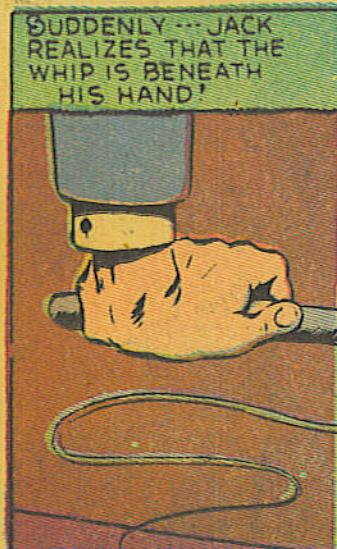


POP! POP...WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU? SPEAK TO ME!

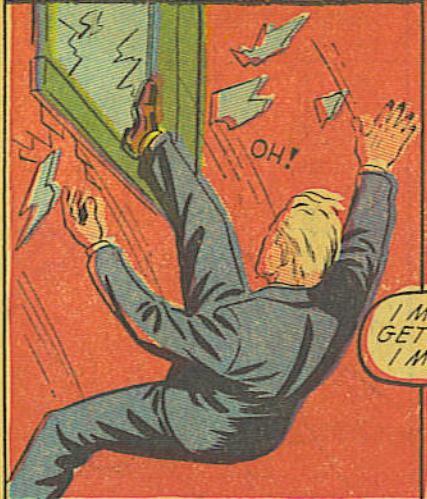


HE'S DEAD!





JACK STUMBLES AND CRASHES
THROUGH THE WINDOW!



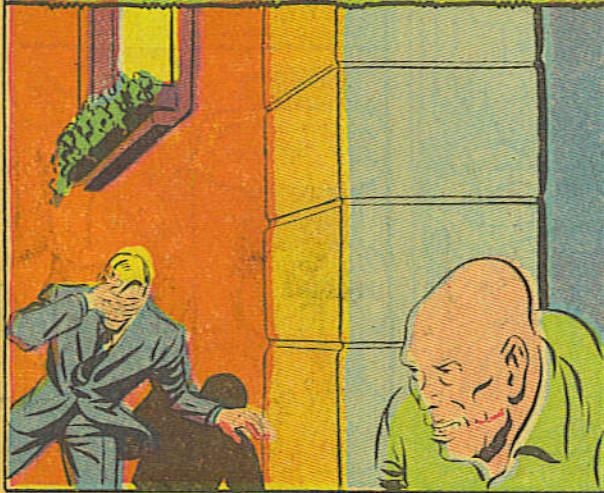
HITTING THE GROUND, HE IS
MOMENTARILY STUNNED!



MIRACULOUSLY AVOIDING THE
SOLDIER'S BULLETS, HE STAG-
GERS BLINDLY INTO THE NIGHT!



HE RACES MADLY THROUGH THE CITY WITH THE
SOLDIERS HOT ON HIS HEELS!



SHH!



THEY'RE GONE--
FOLLOW ME!



TO THE
HOME OF
DOCTOR
DISMAL!



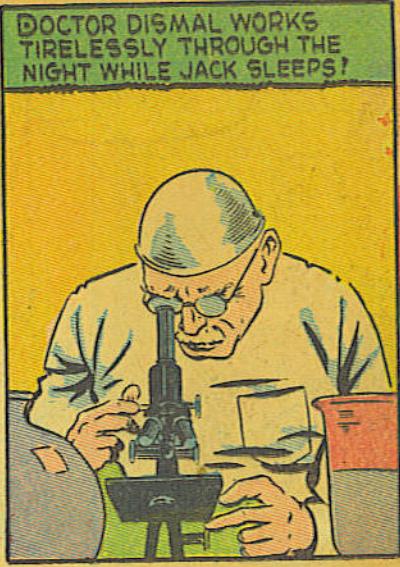


THEY DID A PRETTY THOROUGH JOB ON YOU--YET THE OPTIC NERVES ARE NOT ENTIRELY DEAD!

CAN YOU DO ANY-THING, DOC?

I'LL TRY--RIGHT NOW, YOU NEED A GOOD SLEEP--IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL GRIND A SPECIAL PAIR OF GLASSES THAT MIGHT HELP YOU!

DOCTOR DISMAL WORKS TIREDLESSLY THROUGH THE NIGHT WHILE JACK SLEEPS!



NEXT MORNING!

HOW DO YOU FEEL, SON?

I FEEL O.K., BUT MY EYES, I CAN'T SEE!



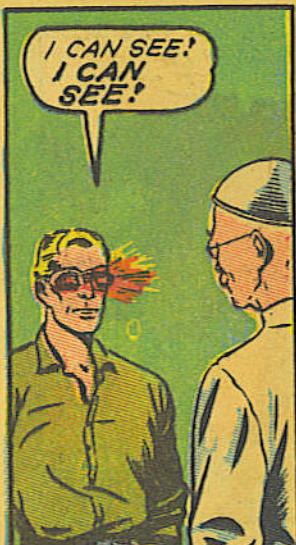
I CAN SEE! I CAN SEE!

AAGHH!

WHAT WAS THAT?

THAT WAS THE SCREAM OF ANOTHER NAZI VICTIM--THIS HIDEOUT IS DIRECTLY UNDER GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS--THOSE SCREAMS WILL NEVER ALLOW ME TO FORGET WHAT I HAVE SUFFERED!

I DON'T NEED ANY-THING TO REMIND ME! I'LL NEVER FORGET! I'LL MAKE THEM PAY DEARLY FOR EVERY STROKE OF THE LASH!



SEE THIS METAL CUP?
I MUST WEAR IT FOR
LIFE--THE GESTAPO
BROKE MY SKULL WITH
A CLUB AND HAD LEFT
ME FOR DEAD, BUT I
VILL LIVE TO SEE
THEM DESTROYED!

I AM DER HEAD OF
DER BERLIN UNDER-
GROUND SOCIETY.
I NEED YOUR HELP!

I'M WITH
YOU!

YOU ARE STRONG AND
INTELLIGENT--THE
GLASSES I GAVE YOU
ARE PART OF MY
PLAN--HERE ISS WHAT
YOU VILL DO....

AND SO, A FEW
NIGHTS LATER,
A FIGURE SETS
FORTH TO WREAK
HAVOC UPON THE
NAZI HORDES, A
FIGURE AS SILENT
AS THE SHADOWS
AND ELUSIVE AS
THE NIGHT--
BLACKOUT!

YOU HAD BETTER TALK
MISS MULLER--I VOULD
HATE TO USE DER
WHIP ON A
PRETTY GIRL
BUT I
DON'T
KNOW ANY-
THING I TELL
YOU!

HERR SCHWABACH,
THERE ISS SOME-
THING BLOCKING
DER ROAD!

YELL GET
OUTD AND
MOVE IT!

SUDDENLY!

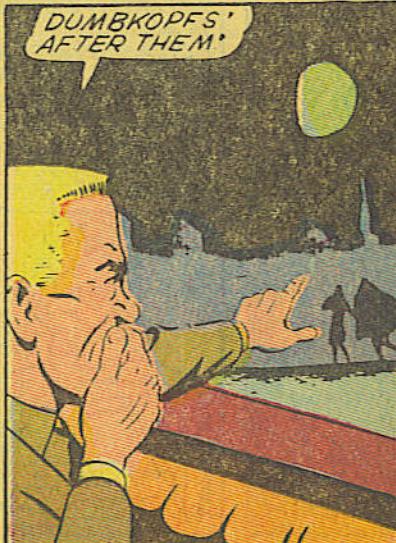
OUW!

GIVE ME YOUR
HAND, MISS!
FOLLOW ME!

OH!
ACH!

DUMBKOPFS'
AFTER THEM.

HURRY, CLIMB
DOWN! THEY'RE
AFTER US!



FASTER,
THEY'RE
GAINING'

I CAN'T--
I'LL SLIP!

KEEP GOING'
I'LL HOLD
THEM OFF!

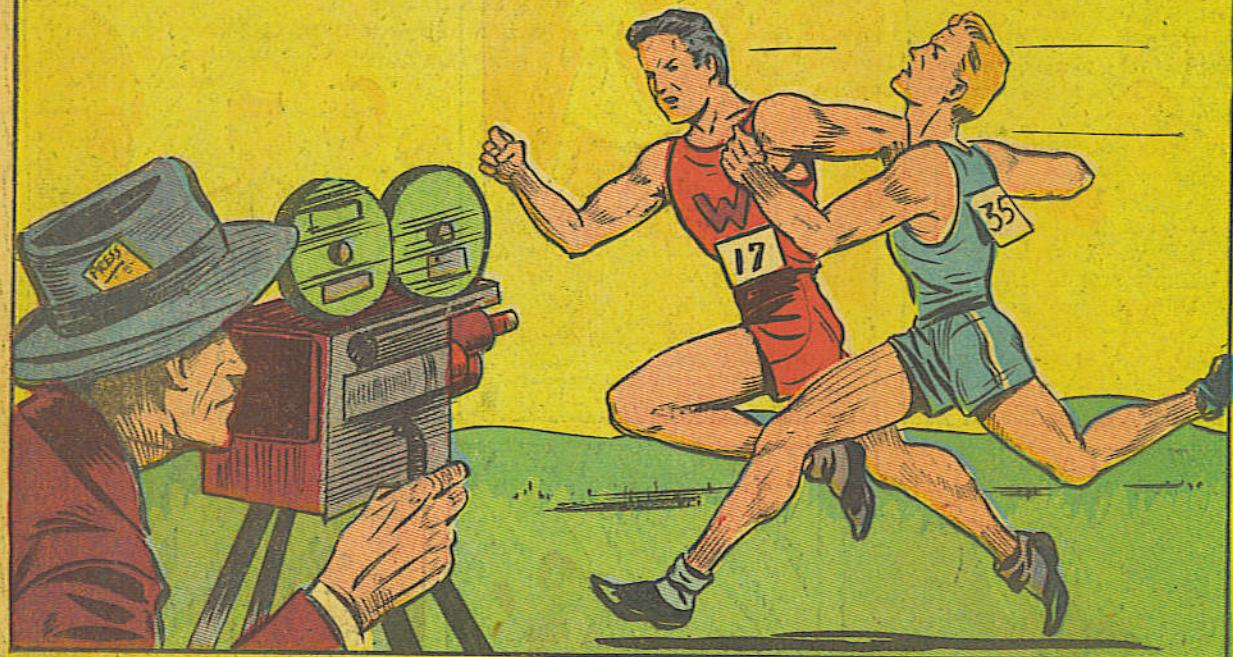
GIFF UP OR
I VILL BLOW
YOUR BRAINS
OUT!

YOU TRIED TO
KILL ME BEFORE,
SCHWABACH!



THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING?...
DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILLING
INSTALLMENT OF **BLACKOUT**
IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE
OF **CAT-MAN COMICS**!

FRANK FAIRPLAY'S RACE



A great crowd had assembled at Fairside Park to witness the annual cross-country race in which Wakefield Military Academy, Stagdale Prep, and Winfield High were competing for the county championship.

The entrants in the race were dressing in the locker room when Sam Scully, the key man for Stagdale, strode up to Frank Fairplay.

"I suppose you Wakefield boys are conceited enough to think you stand a chance in this race," he teased.

"Why not?" answered Frank. "In fact, I think we're going to win."

"You're the fellows who don't stand a chance!" added Tom Patton.

"Hmph, we'll see about that," replied Scully as he returned to his own side of the room.

Will Maitland picked up a shoe and pretended that he was going to throw it at the Stagdale runner. Tom grabbed his arm.

"Now, now—control yourself, William. You'll only waste that good shoe on his thick head!"

"Let's go, fellows," interrupted Frank Fairplay.

The three friends walked onto the field and joined the other contestants at the starting line.

A pistol shot signalled the start of the race and the runners were off. They jogged along at an easy trot as they crossed the field and disappeared behind a low ridge.

"Take it easy, fellows," cautioned Frank to the rest of his team-mates who were increasing the pace in order to reach the head of the group.

"If they keep that up," added Will, "they'll be winded before the race is half over."

"Don't worry, fellows," laughed Tom. "You can always depend on Mrs. Patton's boy, Tommy, to win the race and save the day!"

"Oh, yeah," chided Will. "If last year's performance was a sample of your prowess, you'll stop for a nap after the first mile."

"Save your breath," interposed Frank, "or the three of us will find ourselves sadly behind at the finish."

The runners trotted across the valley and started the ascent of Broad Mountain, the most formidable obstacle to be encountered on the way.

Tom Patton, ever the clown, pranced up and down and beat his chest as he breathed deeply of the pine-scented air.

"Ah, what a beautiful day! I could lie down on those pine needles and sleep forever. But no, I must continue and win the race for good old Wakefield Academy!"

At that instant Will Maitland let out a sharp cry and sank to the ground.

Frank and Tom were at his side in a moment. "What's the matter, Will?" Tom exclaimed. "I've been bitten by a snake!" gasped Will.

Frank Fairplay noticed a quick movement in the bushes. Instantly, he picked up a stout stick and leaped into the undergrowth. He swung the stick downward. Again and again he swung, flailing wildly at a wiggling form beneath his feet.

In a few moments he walked out of the bushes holding the limp form of the snake.

"Good Lord, it's a copperhead!" shouted Tom Patton.

"Yes," answered Frank grimly. "We'll have to get Will to a doctor immediately!"

Without another word Frank dropped to his knees beside Will and began to suck the poison from the wound in his leg.

"Give me your shirt, Tom; we'll have to make a tourniquet!" snapped Frank.

Tom removed his shirt and handed it to Frank. Frank tore away a piece of the cloth and bound it tightly around Will's leg. Tom picked up a small stick to be inserted in the loop. Then Frank twisted it tight.

"Easy!" gasped Will. "It hurts like the devil!"

"We've got to do it," answered Frank. "If that poison gets into your system, you're a goner. I'll release it every few minutes so that the circulation won't be cut off."

"We had better get him to a doctor!" exclaimed Tom.

"Right!" agreed Frank. "We'll make a seat with our hands and carry him out to the highway. We can get a ride into town from a passing motorist."

Frank and Tom locked hands and Will sat down between them. In this fashion they carried him out to the highway.

In a few minutes a small delivery truck sped around a bend of the road and the boys signaled for a lift. The truck came to an abrupt stop. Frank quickly explained their predicament and the driver agreed to take them to a doctor.

"How about the race?" exclaimed Will. "Why don't you fellows try to catch up with the others? There's still time!"

"Forget it!" interrupted Frank. "Your life is more important than a cross-country race!"

"Go ahead, Frank," insisted Tom. "I'll go with Will. You stand more of a chance than I would!"

At last Frank agreed to continue with the race and as the car pulled away he started down the road at a brisk run.

Now it was too late to follow a leisurely pace and Frank realized that he would have to maintain a good speed to overtake the others.

Five minutes later he was back on the course. As he streaked through the woods he stopped from time to time to catch his breath and then started on again.

At last he began to overtake the stragglers.

"He can never keep up that pace," they murmured as he passed.

Soon he had reached the main body of runners and still he continued to sprint.

There was but one more mile to go and the leaders were starting to increase the pace. Frank redoubled his efforts and passed his rivals one by one.

Now Frank was running fifth. He could see Scully holding the lead with a long, easy stride.

Frank passed two more contestants. Now he was third. His breathing was labored as he flew past the second runner. Scully was still a considerable distance in the lead and Frank's breath came in short, hard gasps as he slowly closed the gap between them.

Now Frank Fairplay and Sam Scully were racing side by side. As they crossed a hill they could see the crowd gathered around the finish line.

Scully stepped up the pace. He set his chin grimly as Frank stepped out in front of him.

Frank's throat was dry and hot and he felt a terrific pounding at the back of his head as he strained desperately to keep the lead.

Scully exerted every effort and succeeded in passing Frank. His face was drawn and his breathing was short and irregular. Frank smiled with satisfaction as he realized that his rival was in just as much difficulty as he.

Now Frank could distinguish the faces of the spectators as they shouted encouragement from the sidelines. Then he could see the finish line stretched across the roadway.

He gritted his teeth and surged forward. He was now abreast of Scully and his legs began to feel numb beneath him. Suddenly, he felt the ribbon break against his chest.

A wild cry rose from the crowd.
"Wakefield wins! He made it! Hurrah for Frank Fairplay!"

Frank staggered off the roadway and collapsed on the grass.

A few hours later Frank Fairplay walked into Will Maitland's room at the Hobertown General Hospital.

"How do you feel, Will?" he inquired.
"Oh, fine!" answered Maitland. "The Doc says I'll be tip-top in a few days!"

"How did the race go?" inquired Tom Patton excitedly. "Did one of our boys win?"

"You bet!" chuckled Frank.
"Too bad I was bitten by the snake, Frank," lamented Will. "I'm sorry. You would have won that race easily."

"I did win!" ejaculated Frank.
"What!" shouted Tom. "Yipee!" he cried as he leaped from his chair and bounded for the door.

"Say, where are you going?" shouted Frank Fairplay to his pudgy companion.

"I'm going to get three ice-cream cones. This calls for a celebration!" yelled Tom as he disappeared down the hall.

THE

THE RAGMAN

D. ALLEN
ULMER

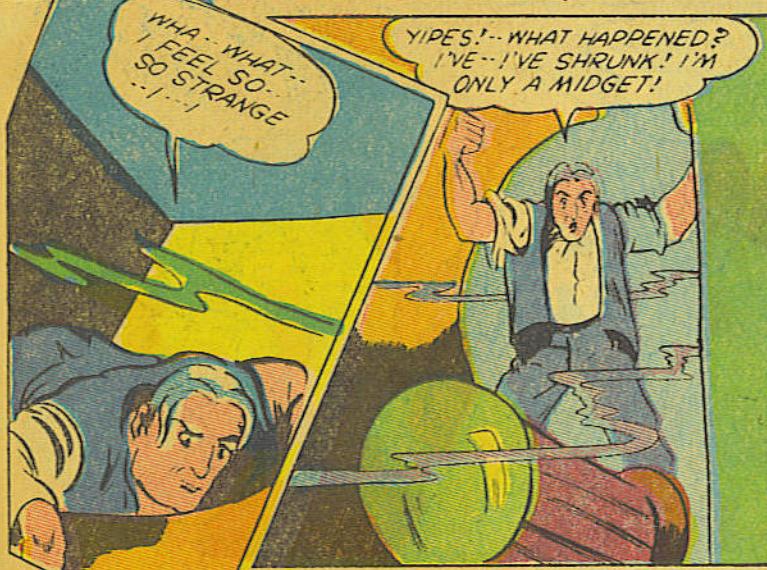
IT IS LONG PAST
MIDNIGHT, BUT
FROM THE LAB-
ORATORY OF J.C.
MARIUS, THE
FAMOUS SCIENTIST,
A LIGHT STILL
GLEAMS THROUGH
A SMALL WINDOW!



INSIDE DR. MARIUS LABORS
OVER HIS LATEST SCIENTIFIC
INVENTION...



SUDDENLY THERE IS A BLINDING
FLASH, AND DR. MARIUS IS
HURLED TO THE FLOOR!



HE IS WORKING ON A NEW SERUM FOR THE GOVERNMENT THAT EASES PAIN TO WOUNDED VICTIMS OF WAR--HE CALLED ME YESTERDAY THAT HE WAS NEARLY FINISHED!

YA-SUH! I SEE, AND HE WANTS YOU TO PROTECT HIM TILL THE GOVERNMENT TAKES IT OVER!

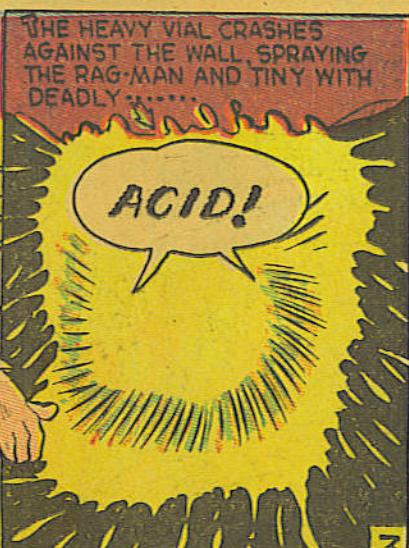
THAT'S RIGHT TINY--HEY, I WONDER WHERE HE IS?

GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN--ARE YOU LOOKING FOR SOMEONE?

WHA--WHO ARE YOU?



BUT THE ALERT TINY INTERCEPTS MARKO'S BLOW, AND SENDS HIM SPINNING ACROSS THE ROOM!



GRASPING UP THE MINIATURE DR. MARIUS, MARKO STREAKS FROM THE HOUSE...



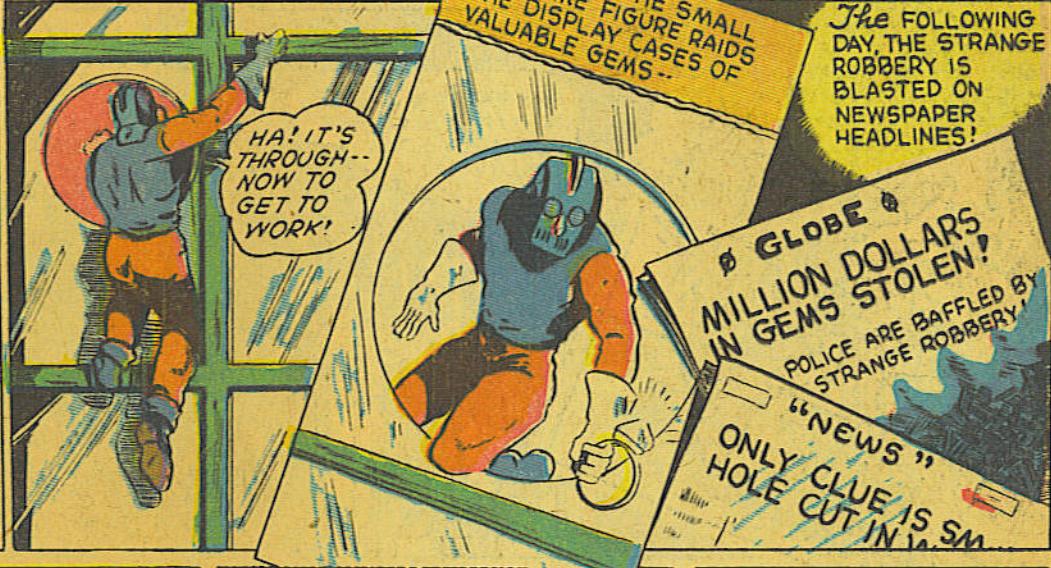
WOW, THAT WAS CLOSE--WE WERE LUCKY THERE WAS WATER NEARBY TO WASH OFF THAT ACID--HOW ARE YOU?



YES, IT'LL TAKE A LONG TIME TILL WE TRACK HIM DOWN-- BUT I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO--WELL, TINY, WE MUST GET TO WORK AT ONCE! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT MADMAN!



A FEW NIGHTS LATER AT 15 MAIDEN AVENUE, A TINY FIGURE DRESSED IN A STRANGE COSTUME, CUTS A SMALL OPENING IN THE GLASS OF A FAMOUS JEWELER'S WINDOW!



But THE RAG-MAN AND TINY ARE NOT IDLE--THEIR CITY WIDE SEARCH HAS NARROWED DOWN TO A SMALL SECTION IN THE SLUMS...



THROUGH THE CRACKS OF A BOARDED WINDOW, THE RAG-MAN SEES...



WELL, MARKO, WE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU AT LAST!



THE STARTLED MASKED MAN WHIRLS ON HIS INTRUDERS...

YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE HERE ALIVE--I'LL FINISH YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL!

BUT AS THE RAG-MAN AND TINY LEAP IN FOR THE KILL, THEY ARE SPRAYED WITH A LIQUID FROM A WATER GUN!

A MOMENT LATER, THE TWO CRIME FIGHTERS SHRINK TO A DOLL-LIKE SIZE!

WHAT TH--
WHAT IS
THIS?

NOW WE
ARE IN FOR
IT, TINY!

MAN O'MAN,
WHAT IS WE
GONNA DO
NOW?

UNABLE TO FIGHT BACK, THE RAG-MAN AND TINY ARE PLACED IN A HUGE CAGE!

MY FRIENDS, I HAVE
A LITTLE SURPRISE
FOR YOU--LOOK
BEHIND YOU!

YOU THINK
SO!

HA, HA, HOW DO
YOU LIKE IT RAG-
MAN--YOU'RE
QUITE HARM-
LESS NOW, EH?

WOW!
A RAT!

YIEE!

BEFORE THE MONSTROUS
RODENT CAN SPRING, THE RAG-
MAN VAULTS ONTO ITS BACK!

GRASPING THE
HUGE FANGS, THE
RAG-MAN SPREADS
THE RAT'S MOUTH
WIDE APART AND
WITH A LAST DESPER-
ATE EFFORT, HE SNAPS
ITS JAWS!



NOW TINY--THESE
BARS--WE'VE
GOT TO BREAK
OUT OF HERE!

THE BARS FINALLY SNAP AND
THE TWO CRIME FIGHTERS
STEP FROM THE CAGE!

AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF
SEARCHING, TINY FINDS -

LEAVING THE MASSIVE
RAT WRETCHING IN PAIN,
THE RAG-MAN AND TINY
TURN THEIR ATTENTION
TO THE BARS OF THE
CAGE!

THERE MUST BE AN
ANTI-DOTE FOR THIS
REDUCING SERUM--
LET'S LOOK!

YASSUH!

THIS MUST BE
GOOD WORK,
IT MISTAH
TINY, GOOD
WORK!

INJECTING THE ANTIDOTE INTO
THEIR VEINS, THE RAG-MAN AND
TINY QUICKLY GROW BACK TO
NORMAL SIZE!

IT WORKED TINY--
NOW TO HUNT OUT
THAT MADMAN!

YOU--YOU'RE
NOT DEAD--
WHA--!
NO YOU FIEND BUT
HERE'S SOMETHING
THAT WILL MAKE
YOU WISH YOU
WERE!

TINY ALSO LEAPS AT THE
MASKED MADMAN POUNDING
AWAY WITH STUNNING BLOWS!

IT WORKED TINY--
NOW TO HUNT OUT
THAT MADMAN!

OH, OH, WE
DON'T HASTA
HUNT FAR.
HERE HE
COMES!

NICE GOING TINY--
NOW WELL TAKE
OFF THIS MASK
AND WE FIND
DR. J.C. MARIUS!

MARIUS
RECOVERS:

SURE I KILLED MARKO.
HE WAS FORCING ME
TO ROB FOR HIM.
HE WAS
MAKING
A
FORTUNE!

...AND WHEN YOU DIS-
COVERED AN ANTI-
DOTE FOR THE REDUC-
ING SERUM, YOU PUT
MARKO OUT OF THE
WAY SO YOU COULD
CONTINUE ROBBING
AND HAVE ALL
THE PROFITS
FOR YOURSELF.

DON'T MISS
ANOTHER
RAG-MAN
ADVENTURE
IN THE NEXT
CAT-MAN
comics

...
AND DON'T
FORGET
BOYS AND
GIRLS!!!

BUY-- ALL
THE DEFENSE
STAMPS YOU
CAN ... AND
HELP UNCLE
SAM WIN
THIS WAR!

VOLTON

IN THE HOME OF PHINEAS LARRAPY, A SUPPOSEDLY DYING MULTI-MILLIONAIRE!

(SNIFF) POOR PHINEAS, I HEAR THE DOCTOR SAYS HE'LL NEVER SURVIVE THIS HEART ATTACK!

POOR PHINEAS -- I GUESS HE'S A GONER -- I HEAR HE LEFT ME THIRTY PERCENT OF HIS ESTATE!

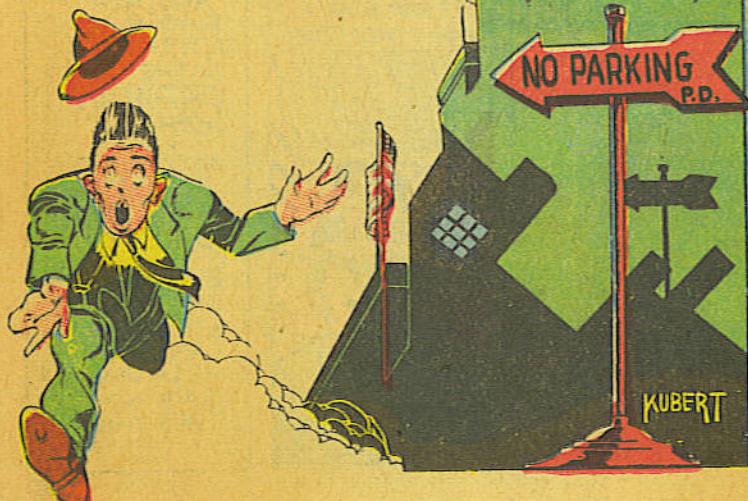
HAARMFF! THOSE DARN BLASTED PARASITES - DR. NEWTON, I THINK YOU'D BETTER BREAK THE NEWS OF MY RECOVERY VERY GENTLY TO THEM!

PHINEAS LARRAPY! GET BACK TO BED THIS INSTANT! YOU SHOULD BE THANKFUL YOU LIVED THROUGH THAT HEART ATTACK!

I'VE GOT IT! I'LL CUT THEM ALL OFF WITHOUT A CENT! I'LL SPEND ALL MY MONEY BUILDING A BOYS CLUB ON MONMOUTH CORNERS!



HELLO, JOE MORGAN? CAN'T SELL YOU MON-MOUTH CORNERS -- UNCLE LARRAPY PULLED THROUGH! MAY-BE WE'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!



LATER, AS PHINEAS SLIPS OUT THE BACK WAY--

PHINEAS, YOU SHOULD BE IN BED RESTING, INSTEAD OF RUNNING OUT LIKE THIS!

HEY MR. LARRAPY!

ULP! HE'S FUNNY LOOKING ENOUGH-- BUT I HOPE HE ISN'T A RELATIVE?

MR. LARRAPY, I'M JOE MORGAN-- I WANT TO BUY MONMOUTH CORNERS FROM YOU TO BUILD ME A WAREHOUSE!

I'M NOT SELLING MONMOUTH CORNERS -- I'M BUILDING A BOYS CLUB THERE!

I'LL HAVE THE MILLS CONSTRUCTION CO. START TO WORK IMMEDIATELY!

SO LARRAPY IS GOING TO WASTE MONMOUTH CORNERS ON A BUNCH OF KIDS, WHEN I NEED IT TO BUILD A WAREHOUSE TO STORE ALL OUR HOT STUFF!

HE SAID MILL'S CONSTRUCTION CO.--I USETA BE THEIR FOREMAN--I THINK I'LL GO BACK AND GET ME OLD JOB BACK!

I GET IT! YOU'LL BE THE FOREMAN AND WHEN OLD LARRAPY COMES TO EXAMINE THE JOB...

A LITTLE ACCIDENT AND THEN THEY'LL SAY--POOR LARRAPY, HE GOT A SUDDEN HEART ATTACK AND FELL TO HIS DEATH!

HYA, FOREMAN, WHATCHA DOING UP HERE?

JUST CHECKING, BOYS!

SNAP!
AIEEEE:

THIS OUGHT TO START SOMETHING!

WHAT'S HAPPENED? OH--IT'S TOM!

WEEKS LATER, WE SEE JOE MORGAN'S LIEUTENANT AS FOREMAN ON THE MONMOUTH CORNERS BOYS CLUB JOB.

A SHORT WHILE LATER:

THE MEN THINK TOM'S DEATH WAS DUE TO CHEAP SUPPLIES--THEY WON'T CONTINUE UNTIL OLD LARRAPY EXAMINES THE STUFF!

AND WE'RE GOING TO TELL HIM OURSELVES!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHY AIN'T YOU GUYS WORKING?

HELLO, JOE MORGAN! THIS IS ME, BUTCH! YEAH, OLD LARRY WILL SOON BE OVER!



LISTEN BUTCH, YOU BRING LARRY UP TO THE HIGHEST GIRDER--WE'LL BE WAITING THERE FOR YOU!



BOY, THE JOB'S ALMOST OVER! I BET JOE WILL GIVE ME A NICE BIG BONUS!

(GULP!) THOSE HANDS!

HELLO, CHUM!

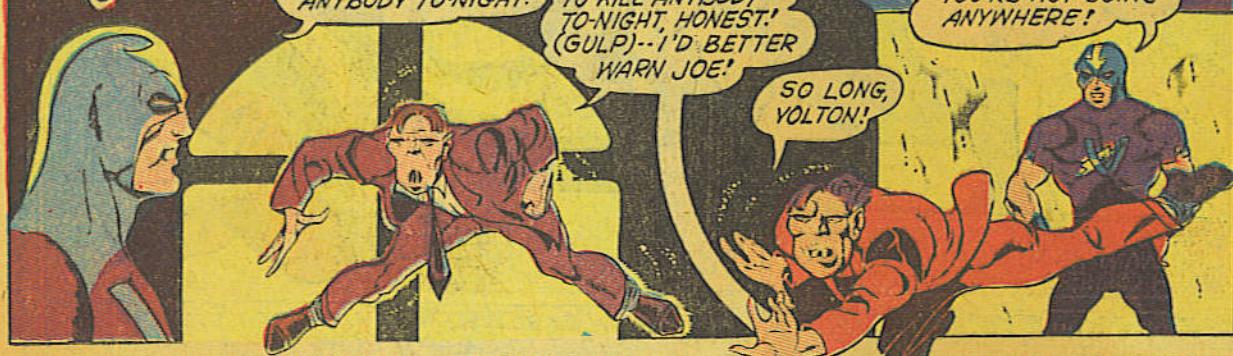


YOU'RE NOT KILLING ANYBODY TO-NIGHT!

I WASN'T GOING TO KILL ANYBODY TO-NIGHT, HONEST! (GULP)--I'D BETTER WARN JOE!

WHY THE GOOD-BYE? YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

SO LONG, VOLTON!



OWW!

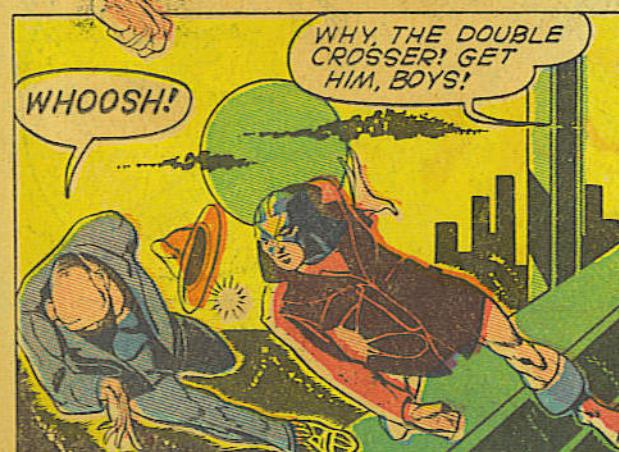
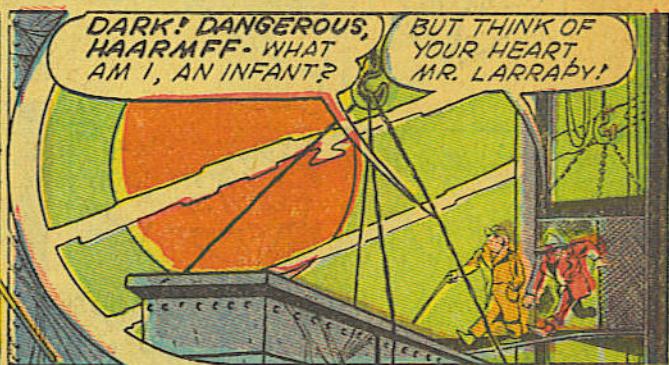


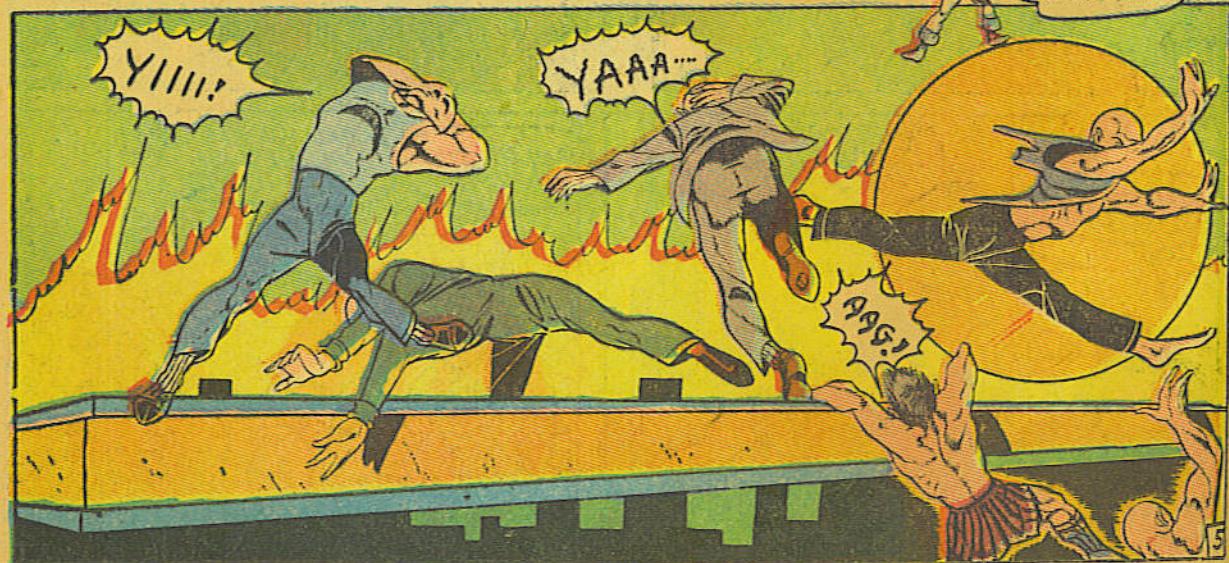
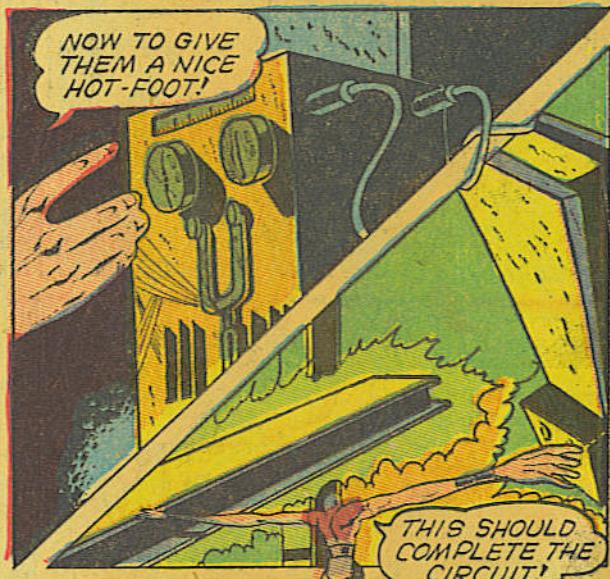
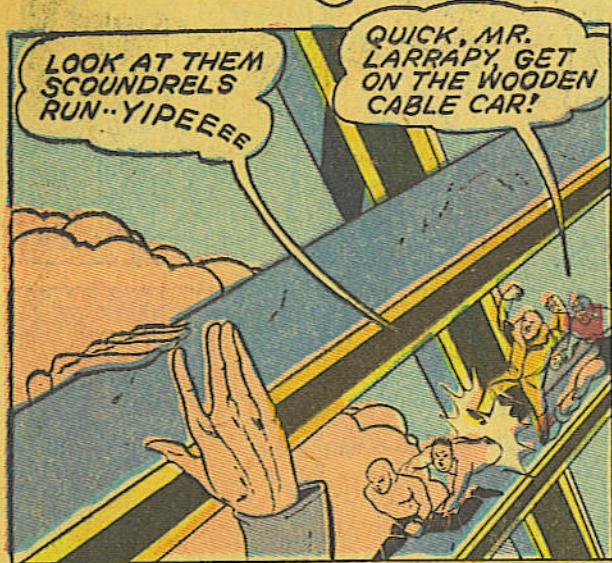
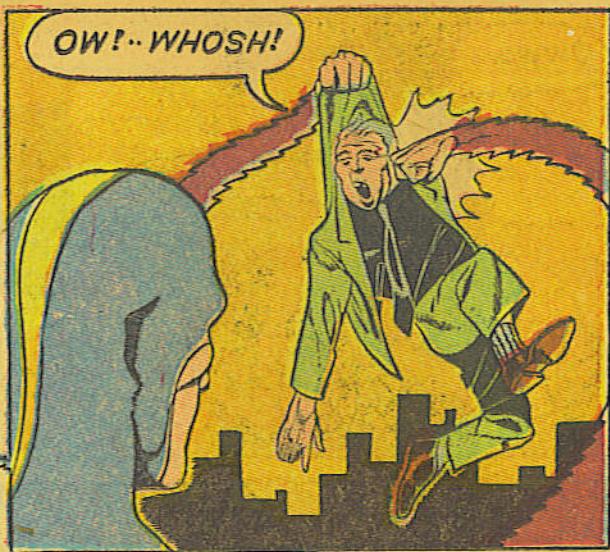
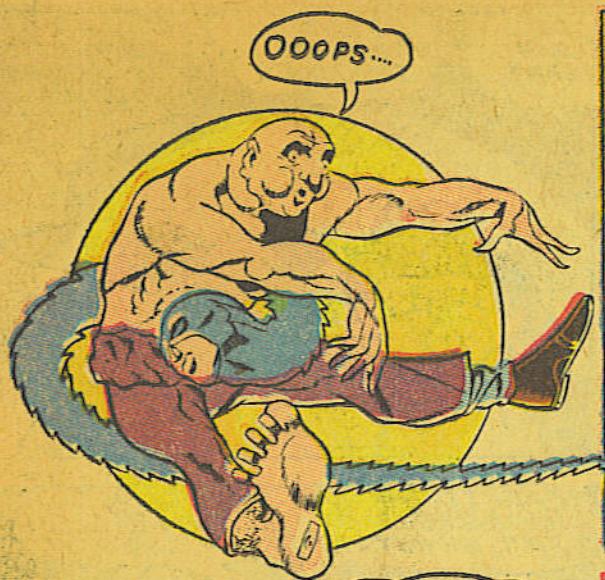
WHOOSH!

SLEEP THAT ONE OFF!



SOMETIME LATER, PHINEAS ARRIVES AT MONMOUTH CORNERS...

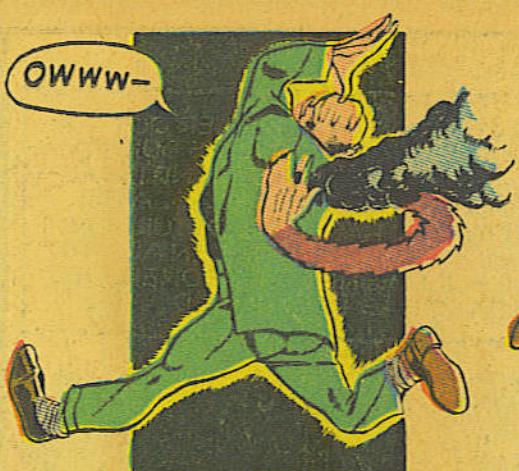




OWWW-

HAVE YOU GOT ENOUGH, MORGAN?

YEAH, YEAH--TURN OFF THE JUICE!



LATER.. AS THE POLICE MARCH OFF WITH THE MORGAN GANG!

THE JUICE YOU GAVE THOSE KILLERS IS ONLY A SAMPLE OF WHAT'S WAITING FOR THEM!

WELL, I GUESS YOU DON'T NEED ME ANYMORE--YOU CAN GO AHEAD WITH THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE BOYS CLUB!



OH YES I WILL--I'LL NEED YOU ON OPENING DAY! OF THE CLUB!

O.K. I'LL SEE YOU THEN!

OPENING DAY--PHINEAS AND VOLTON JOIN IN A GAME OF BASEBALL!

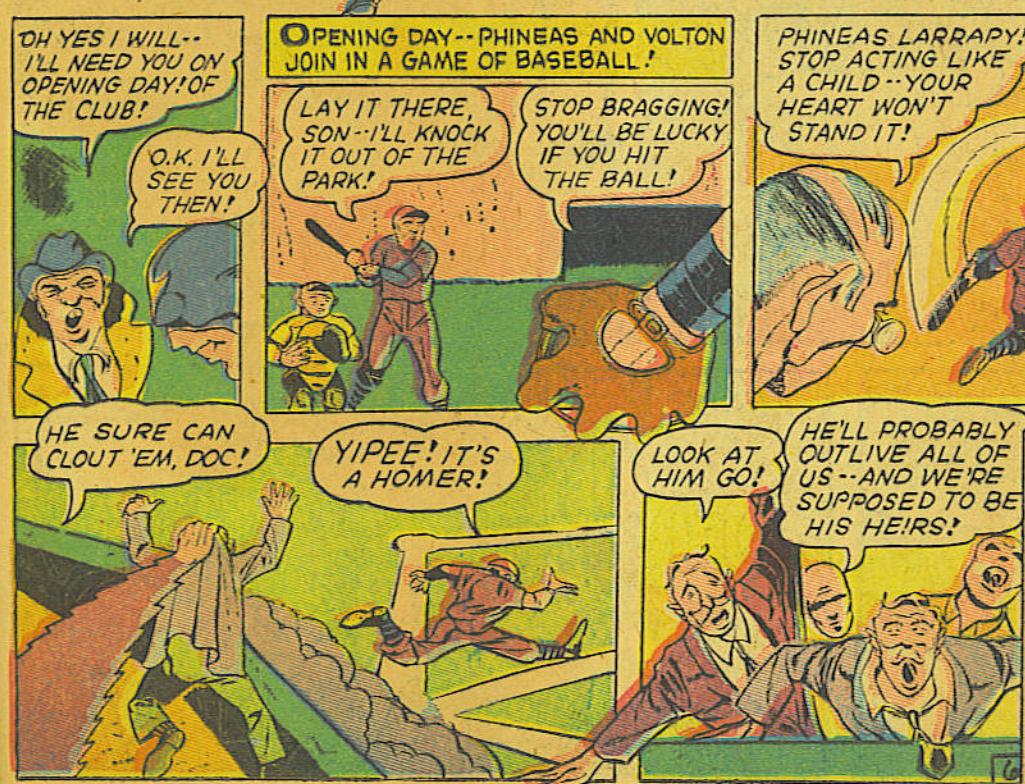
LAY IT THERE, SON--I'LL KNOCK IT OUT OF THE PARK!

STOP BRAGGING! YOU'LL BE LUCKY IF YOU HIT THE BALL!

PHINEAS LARRAPY! STOP ACTING LIKE A CHILD--YOUR HEART WON'T STAND IT!

OH--TAKE A PILL!

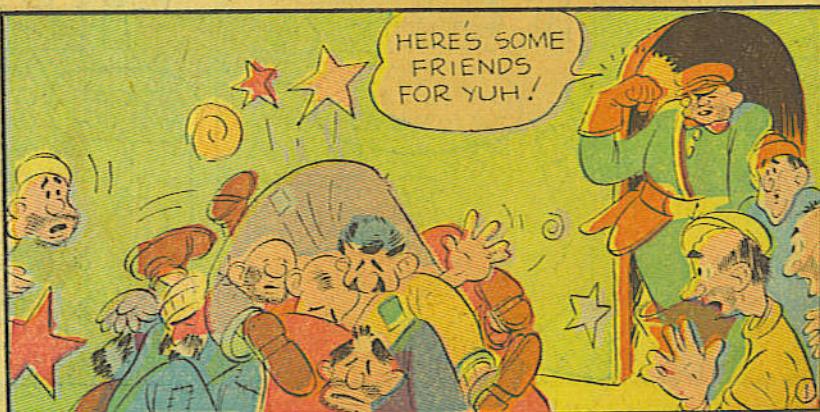
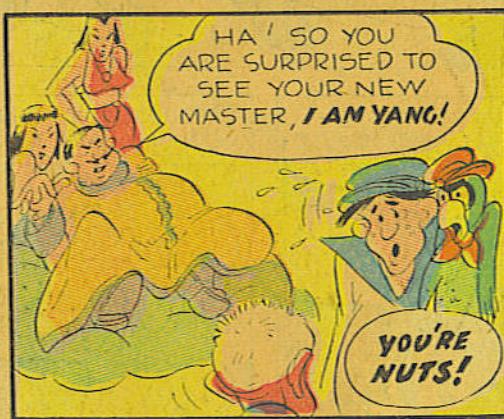
CRACK



KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH THAT ONE MAN DYNAMO--VOLTON IN NEXT MONTH'S CAT-MAN COMIC!!

ALEC

YANG, A POWER-MAD RULER OUT TO CONQUER THE WORLD, HAS BUILT A GIANT SUBMARINE FLEET AND IS TAKING CONTROL OF THE SEAS. A U.S. FREIGHTER HAS BEEN CAPTURED AND AFTER THE CREW IS TAKEN ABOARD THE SUBMARINE AS PRISONERS, THE STEAMER IS DESTROYED.



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? ALWAYS
GETTING ME INTO TROUBLE!
KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT
ONCE IN A WHILE!

SOME DAYS LATER

GRRRMPH! SEND ME THAT
BIG MOUTHED SAILOR!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS
IMPUDENCE, YOU SWAB! I'VE
A MIND TO FEED YOU TO THE
SHARKS!

SHARKS? SHARKS?
WE LIKE TUNA! ANY TUNA!
SOMETHING SWEET
AND SOFT—
LIKE—
MANY
THE BRAVE AND
ASLEEP IN THE
DEEP—SOOOO!!

AIRMAIL
OR
SPECIAL
DELIVERY?

HA! HA! THAT BIRD'S
FUNNY! HA! HA! HARRUMPH!
GIVE ME THE BIRD
HA! HA!



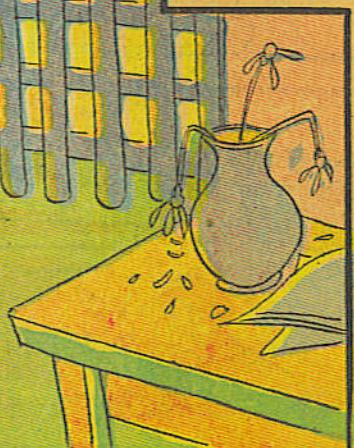
WHAT'S THE
MEANING OF THIS?

GRRRR! TAKE 'EM AWAY,
PUT 'EM IN IRONS!

YOU ASKED
FOR THE
BIRD!

WOE! WOE! WOE!
THAT'S
ALL YOU BRING ME!
IS WOE!

I GUESS
I'M JUST A BIRD
IN A GILDED
CAGE.



READ MORE
ABOUT ALEC
AND THE
REIGN OF
YANG IN
THE NEXT
ISSUE OF..
**CAT-MAN
COMICS**

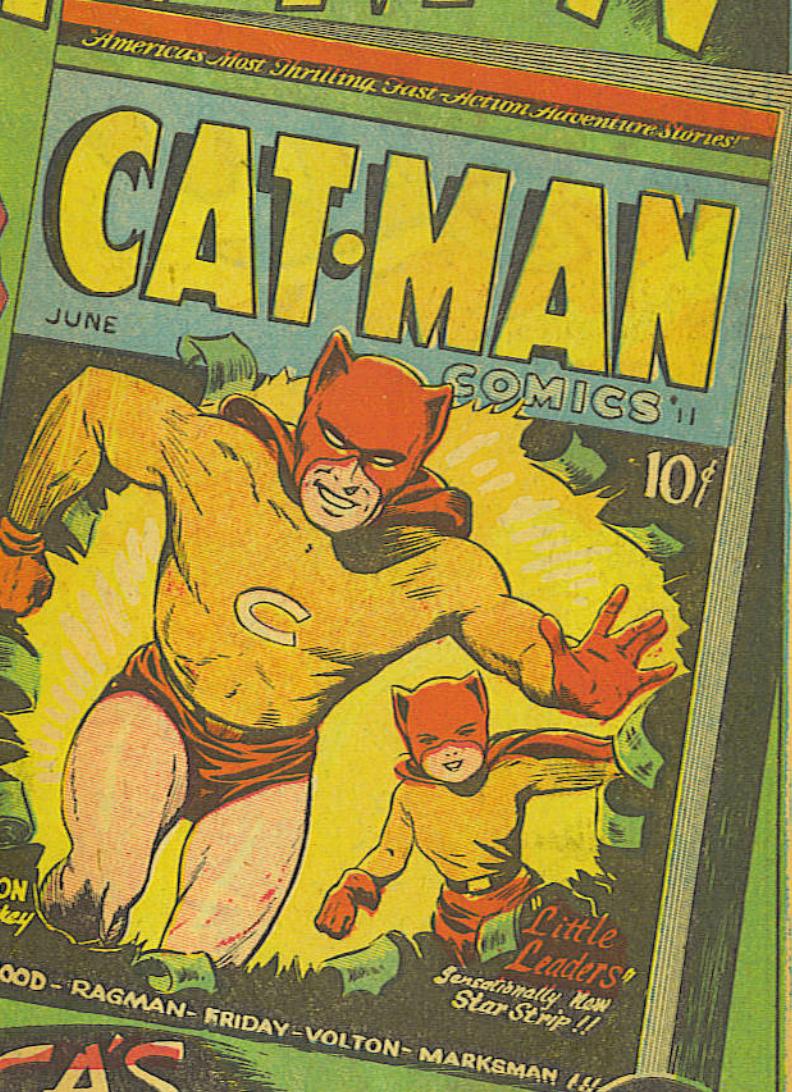
DON'T
MISS!

The New!

CAT-MAN

WATCH

for
**THIS
COVER**



featuring
The DEACON

THE NATION-WIDE
THRILL FAVORITE
with "MICKEY"

AMERICA'S

GREATEST FAST
ACTION ADVENTURE STORIES

on
SALE MAY
1st

Little Leaders

Starring
MICKEY and THE KITTEN



WOW! LOOK WHAT'S COMIN' KATIE! AIN'T THAT SOMETHIN'?

PASSING BY, ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE BANK IS A COLUMN OF ARMY TRUCKS ...



GEE -- OUR SOLDIERS 'AIN'T THEY WONDERFUL, MICKEY?

YIPPEE

YOO-HOO!

SUDDENLY
LOOKING
DOWN--
MICKEY
NOTICES
A STEALTHY
MOVEMENT
IN THE
BRUSH
BELOW!

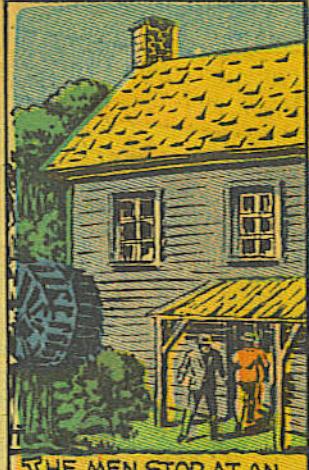
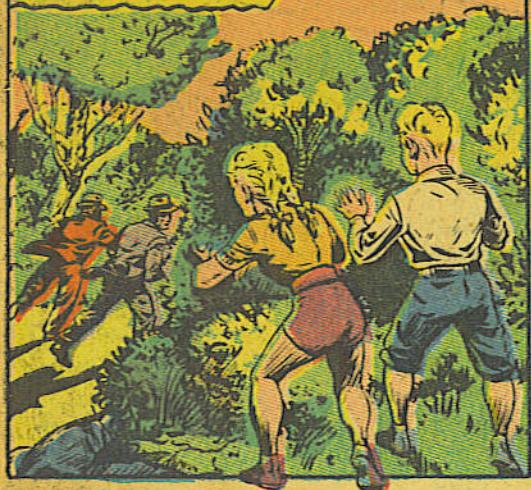
HEY, KATIE!
SOMEBODY'S
DOWN THERE!
WHAT THE?

TWO SWARTHY-LOOKING MEN
LOOK ANGRILY UP AT THE
YELLING YOUNGSTERS AND
DART SWIFTLY AWAY! --- ?

QUICK, KATIE! THE WAY THOSE
GUYS ARE ACTIN', THEY MUST
BE UP TO SOMETHIN'! C'MON,
LET'S FOLLOW 'EM!



DODGING BEHIND BUSHES AND ROCKS,
KATIE AND MICKEY TRAIL AFTER THE
SUSPICIOUS PAIR!



POOR MICKEY--HE CRAWLED A LITTLE TOO FAR OUT
ON THE OLD AND ROTTED LIMB!



AS HIS COHORTS TRY TO REACH
MICKEY FROM THE WINDOW, ONE OF
THE MEN DASHES DOWNSTAIRS TO
PREVENT HIM FROM ESCAPING!



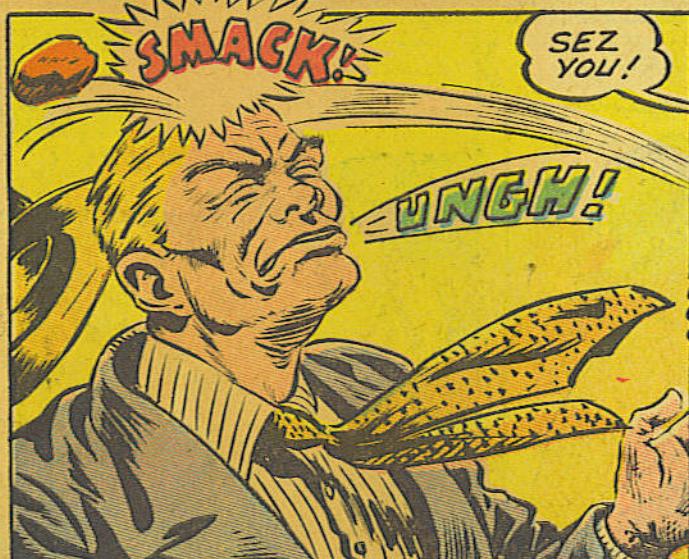
LOOK OUT! BEHIND
YOU! RUN MICKEY
RUN!



SMACK!

SEZ
YOU!

UGH!

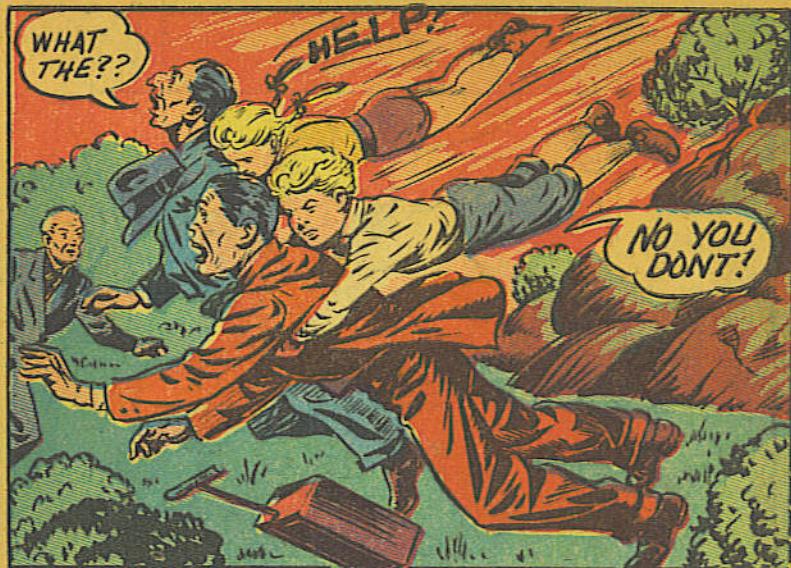


GOOD PITCHING,
KITTEH! GOSH,
HE DARN NEAR
HAD ME!

LESS TALKING
AND MORE
RUNNING OR
THEY WILL GET
US!



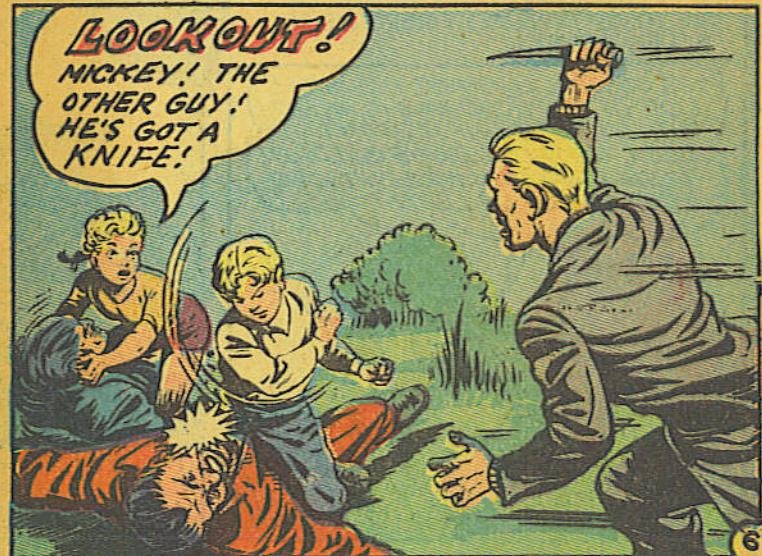




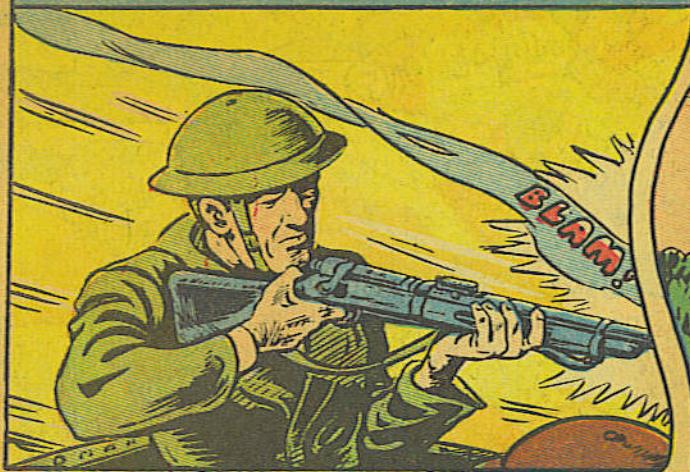
WEARING THE KITTEN'S SHRILL SCREAMS FOR HELP, AN ARMY JEEP TURNS SHARPLY AND ROARS DOWN THE STEEP BANK!



WHILE MICKEY AND THE KITTEN BATTLE VALIANTLY, THE THIRD MEMBER OF THE VILLAINOUS TRIO TAKES A HAND...



BUT A SOLDIER ON THE BOUNCING JEEP ALSO SEES MICKEY'S PREDICAMENT--HE JERKS HIS RIFLE TO HIS SHOULDER AND FIRES!



LATER... THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THE TROOP MOVEMENT REPORTS TO HIS SUPERIOR...

STILL LATER!

IN PRESENTING THESE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDALS, I'M PROUD TO SAY THAT WITH YOUNGSTERS LIKE YOU, ON THE JOB, AMERICA NEED NEVER FEAR THE ACTS OF ENEMIES FROM WITHIN!

YES, GENERAL LIPOWSKI, THE WHOLE SIDE OF THE ROAD WAS PLANTED WITH DYNAMITE--IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THOSE BRAVE CHILDREN, THERE PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ONE OF US LEFT!



FOLLOW THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF THESE TWO SWELL YOUNGSTERS! "Little Leaders" APPEAR EVERY MONTH in the Sensational CATMAN Comics!



A MEMBER OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT RECEIVES A NEWLY MANUFACTURED MEDAL!

FAUST! I SEE YOU HAVE COMPLETED THE MEDAL FOR MR. HOBART!

YES, KRIMMER, I HAVE WORKED HARD ON THIS ONE! IT'S A MEDAL HE'LL NEVER FORGET!

MR. HOBART AS A REWARD FOR YOUR BRILLIANT DIPLOMATIC WORK, THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT AWARDS YOU THIS MEDAL!

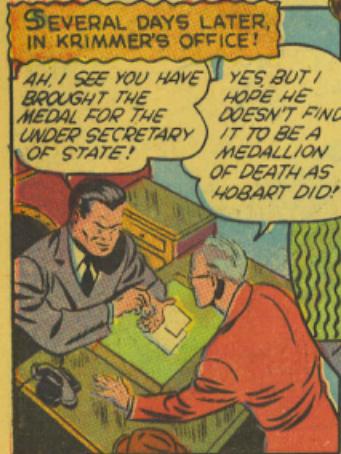
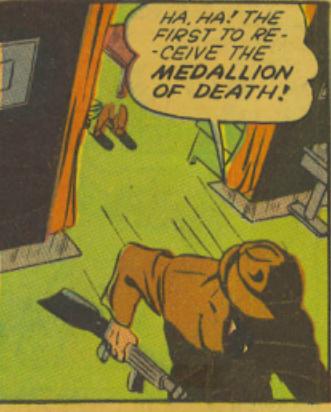
I'LL BE HONORED TO WEAR IT!

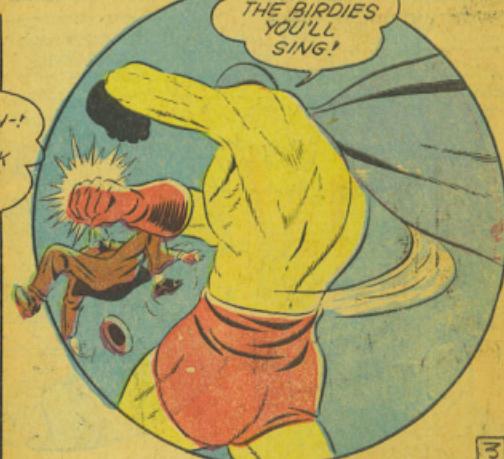
THAT EVENING AT THE HOBART HOME!

GOSH, I'M PROUD OF YOU DADDY! WHAT A PRETTY MEDAL!

I'M GLAD YOUR EFFORTS WERE SO DEEPLY APPRECIATED, JOHN!







PARDON MY
GLOVE,
PALSEY
WALSEY!

NOW TO GET
THAT MASK
OFF!

HA, HA! YOU'LL
SING A DIFFERENT
TUNE!



CHIEF, I
WANT
PERMISSION
TO RAID A
CERTAIN
BIG SHOT'S
OFFICE!

HMM, MUST
BE SOME-
THING BIG, EH?

IF I FIND WHAT
I'M LOOKING
FOR, THE KEY
TO THE MEDAL-
LION MURDERS
WILL BE
FOUND!

WELL, IN
THAT CASE,
GO AHEAD!

HELLO, CHIEF.
I'VE GOT
SOMETHING
FOR YOU AND
YOUR BOYS!

WELL, IT
MUST BE
CHRISTMAS,
WHAT HAVE
YOU GOT
SANTA?



HERE IT
IS, THE
NEW F.B.I.
BADGES!

THANKS,
MR.
KRIMMER!

THEY DON'T
LOOK BAD!

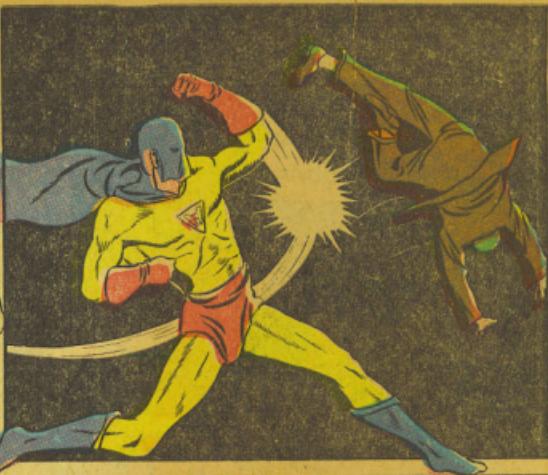
WEAR
'EM IN
GOOD
HEALTH,
BOYS!

LOTS OF
LUCK, SALZA!

THANKS!

AS SALZA LEAVES THE F.B.I.
OFFICE, THE OMINOUS SHADOW
OF THE MASK OF DEATH APPEARS.





BUT SUDENLY, THE MASKED KILLER MAKES A SHARP TURN!

HEY!

END OF THE LINE, HOOD -- ALL OFF!

THE PRESIDENT IS GOING TO ACCEPT A STATE DEPARTMENT MEDAL TO EXPLODE THE MEDALLION OF DEATH MYTH!

GLORY BE! I MUST NOT FAIL THIS TIME. THE MASKED KILLER MUST BE STOPPED OR THE PRESIDENT WILL BE THE NEXT VICTIM!

LATER... AT THE WHITE HOUSE...

MR. PRESIDENT, IN THE NAME OF THE ALLIED GOVERNMENTS, I GIVE YOU THIS MEDAL!

THANK YOU, MY FRIENDS. I'LL WEAR IT UNTIL WE CRUSH THE AXIS!

SUDDENLY--

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

IT'S THE MASK OF DEATH! READY TO STRIKE HIS GREATEST BLOW FOR THE LEADER!

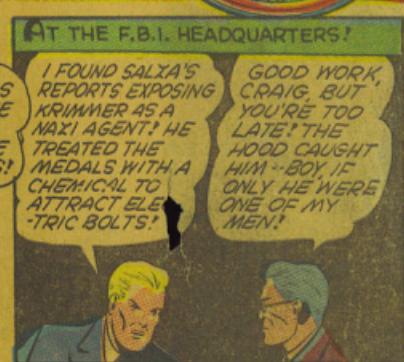
BAM

CRASH

DEATH TO THE ENEMY OF THE FEUHRER!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK LOUDMOUTH!

...MUSIC... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! A SPECIAL BULLETIN FROM THE WHITE HOUSE!



NEXT MONTH THE HOOD FACES A DIRE MENACE TO AMERICAN LIBERTY.



